The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1891.

The Week.

THE necessity of having a man in the office of Secretary of State who is physically able to discharge its duties, is plainly indicated in this passage from a speech by President Harrison in reply to an invitation to attend an exposition in Georgia:

> "I have a good many very important matters demanding attention from now on to the meeting of Congress. Some are home matters of importance and some are foreign. Looking back over the past year, it would seem probable that there was a conspiracy among the Powers to see that those in responsible places should have no rest. Many of these things must now come to my personal attention."

While the nation feels much safer with Mr. Harrison acting as Secretary of State than with Mr. Blaine in charge of the Department, it is obviously unjust to require the President to carry, month after month, so heavy a load in addition to the duties of the Executive.

Balmaceda's death is a dramatic close to his career. His suicide has saved him the protracted misery of a trial and public execution, and leaves his memory in somewhat better condition than if he had been judicially shot or hanged. People always feel a little sorry for a man who kills himself in despair, though in South America suicide is unusually disreputable. He appears to have tried a *coup d'état*, after the fashion of Louis Napoleon in 1851, by corrupting the army in much the same way, and possibly persuaded himself, as his prototype probably did, that he was in some little degree acting in the interest of the people, as well as providing himself with a snug berth for life. But it is for the best interests of mankind that any man who tries to play this game should feel that his life is staked on the issue; that if he fails, he must either submit to be hanged or must blow his brains out. Balmaceda has made a contribution of immense value to the art of government in South America. It will be a relief to most people to hear that the *Herald's* story about his escape through the assistance of Admiral Brown had no foundation. The Valparaiso correspondent of that paper has done such good service that he will be easily forgiven for letting himself be imposed on in this instance. But the story, though untrue, illustrated certain rules of international law and of sound public policy which we hope will now appear plainer to the State and Navy Departments than they have of late. The god Jingo is a worthless, drunken rascal, who is constantly getting his worshippers into scrapes.

The defence of Egan put forth at Washington by Admiral McCann undoubtedly relieves him of the suspicion of being an open blunderer, but does not touch the main charges against him. The Admiral takes to himself the blame of having made public Egan's opinion that the Balmaceda Government was invincible; but how is that opinion, supposing it honest, to be accounted for? On the spot as he was, he should at least have been as well informed as people in England, yet it was months ago that Col. North, the "nitrate king," publicly declared that the Congressionalists had with them the wealth and intelligence of the country, and were certain to win in the end, while but a week or two before the Balmaceda bubble was finally pricked, the *South American Journal* said it had reason to believe that desirable operation to be imminent. The reason why public opinion in this country was so misled and so surprised at the actual outcome, was the persistent laudation of Balmaceda which was given out at Washington, and which had its origin in Egan's despatches. We see no escape from the conclusion that his judgment was temporarily clouded by the desire to become a "nitrate king" himself. Nor does Admiral McCann squarely meet Mr. Foster's charge that Egan was at first disposed to back up Balmaceda in his purpose of violating the safe-conduct guaranteed the insurgent peace-envoys. And as to the pawn-broking and other business ventures of our Minister, to which Mr. Foster referred, nothing was said by the naval officer. The real significance of the public attack on Egan by the Congressionalist agent in this country lay in the fact that it was meant to head off the attempt to make him out a much-abused man, and to make it plain that he was distinctly a *persona non grata* to the new Government. There is no doubt that he is such, or that he will have to come home, sooner or later, despite his "indefatigable efforts" to serve the *Herald* correspondent.

Wall Street has unquestionably been taken completely by surprise by the sudden awakening of the craze for stock speculation among the people at large. It has been clear, all along, that our marvellous grain crops of this year would enrich not only the farmers who raised them, but the railroads which transported them, and that, with the return of prosperity to these two great industries, activity would by degrees revive throughout the industrial community. But it is a tradition of the street that the outside public rarely "discounts" the future unless it is excited by some sudden and unexpected good news, and stimulated by the stock-market operations of professional leaders. There were, moreover, several distinctly unfavorable elements in the present financial situation. The money market is approaching closeness; two of the most extensive railway systems in the country are even now hovering on the verge of bankruptcy, and the buying public of Europe, which contributes so largely to Wall Street bull markets, is overshadowed with industrial discouragement and distress. The speculative public, however, knows no traditions. Powerful and skilful operators attempted to depress the market by means of these unfavorable elements; but they were swept aside last week, as indeed was the whole amazed and incredulous speculating fraternity. The course of the stock market has told its own story, not merely in the advance in prices, but in the enormous volume of transactions, now averaging every day six or eight times the daily average of a few months ago.

It is eminently fitting that the collapse of Gov. Hill should be attended by circumstances which forcibly illustrate the character of both himself and his system. He wished to control the recent Democratic Convention so absolutely that he could put upon its ticket only such men as he could depend upon to administer their offices in the interest of his personal ambition, and could put into its platform such views upon questions of high national importance as would show to the country that the State of New York stood with him, and not with the honest men of his party, in regard to those issues. To carry his point in regard to nominations, he broke his personal pledge to one of his most subservient followers and sought to force him from the ticket at the last moment. He also sought to put on another man who had no claim to the position except a miserable record of incompetency in office and a willingness to pledge himself to do the Governor's bidding. The Convention refused to obey the Governor's orders in both instances. To carry his point on national issues, he sent to the Committee on Resolutions a platform that contained a silver plank which, if adopted, would have committed the party in this State to free silver by making it appear unwilling to come out squarely against it. This was one of the best instances of Hillism ever afforded. In order to gain a supposed personal advantage for himself, the Governor was willing to have his party take the one step which was almost certain to bring it to defeat in the State this year and in the nation next year. Provided he could show the free-silver advocates in the South and West that he had his party behind him on that question in New York, he cared nothing for either the financial and commercial stability of the country or the welfare of his own party. The Committee on Resolutions promptly rejected this plank, and substituted a declaration in favor of honest money in its place.

It seemed for a time as if the high degree of dexterity acquired through long years of practice by the makers of the tariff plank in Republican platforms were in danger of

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going to waste since the passage of the McKinley Bill. That measure put an end to the familiar displays of agility in attempting to ride two horses going opposite ways, as it is such a brutally definite affair, and leaves no room for the old vague and balanced phrases promising the millennium to laborers and the Elysian Fields to farmers. But the necessity of saying something about "reciprocity" has suddenly come in to put the talent for ambiguous utterance to new use. Thus, the New York Republicans sang their praises of that policy which let in free those articles which we "cannot produce in *adequate* quantity," and opened markets for those products of the "farm and factory which it is *profitable* to export." The Massachusetts Republicans, however, showed a distinct advance in their deliverance on the subject. They boldly approved of a policy which, by "a *wise* discrimination in the exchange of products," would secure "the *most profitable* foreign commerce," and would "*increase*, without *endangering*, the prosperity of our domestic industries." These are fine-drawn distinctions worthy of being promulgated on the spot where the theologians of a by-gone age used to bring out their triumphant reconciliations between free-will and predestination.

The independent voter in New York, disgusted at being shut up to a choice of evils in the approaching election, must envy the happy position of his brethren in Massachusetts. The contest for the Governorship in that State is between two young men each of whom is well qualified to fill the office with credit to the commonwealth, and neither of whom represents any boss or machine. The canvass is to be a friendly controversy between two rivals as to which can make the better showing of advantage to the community to accrue from his success; and, whichever wins, the State is sure to be well served. Fortunate indeed is the lot of the Massachusetts Mugwump this year.

Much stress is laid by many of Mr. Fassett's supporters upon his remark in his speech of acceptance—"One thing at a time." This has been interpreted to signify that he is running for Governor on State issues alone, and that he should be supported on those issues without regard to questions of national politics. In our opinion, this is not merely a sound position, but it is the only one upon which Mr. Fassett can hope to win. Yet he himself has made the mistake of bringing the sectional issue into the canvass; and now comes the *Press* of this city, the leading penny paper of the party, with another and far more disturbing issue, which it presents to the voters in the following form:

"DON'T FORGET THIS.

"One important fact should not be forgotten. The political engagement of '91 is the beginning of the great battle of 1892, and every vote cast for Flower will also be a vote for British free trade."

If every vote cast for Flower will be a vote for British free trade, then every vote cast for Fassett will be a vote for McKinley protection. That issue was squarely presented in this State last November, and the verdict was 75,000 majority against McKinleyism. With that and the Force Bill as Republican battle-cries, the chances for Mr. Fassett's election will be very slim.

Concerning the appointment of ex-Senator Hendricks of Syracuse as Collector of this port, it is to be said that if political considerations rather than merit and fitness are to be the deciding qualifications, there are reasons for thankfulness that a man of such excellent personal character has been chosen. It is a thoroughly political appointment, and is made in complete defiance of the President's civil-service-reform pledges. Mr. Hendricks has served several terms in the State Senate, where he has preserved an enviable record of personal integrity and an undeviating record of party loyalty. He occupies towards Senator Hiscock the same relation that Mr. Fassett occupies towards Mr. Platt. As Messrs. Hiscock and Platt are now working in harmony in New York Republican politics, the appointment of Mr. Hendricks to take charge of those politics in the Custom-house is acceptable to both of them. We trust that for the incidental interest of the customs service Mr. Hendricks will be allowed to retain the office a much longer time than his two immediate predecessors were. While he is likely to make an efficient Collector, we feel justified in predicting that any members of the unclassified service in the Custom-house who for any reason are not congenial to Messrs. Platt and Hiscock, will have to "go."

The reappearance of Custom-house collectors as active managers in Republican canvasses and attendants upon Republican conventions is a striking proof of the decline of principle in the party. There is only one sound rule for such cases, and it is found in the order to office-holders issued by a Republican President on June 22, 1877, which said:

"No officers should be required or permitted to take part in the arrangement of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns. Their right to vote and to express their views on public questions, either orally or through the press, is not denied, provided it does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. No assessment for political purposes on officers or subordinates should be allowed."

Naturally enough, when the collectors of the chief custom-houses in the States of New York and Massachusetts leave their offices to run party conventions, and know that they will not even receive a rebuke for such conduct, Republican managers throughout the country take the next step, and openly demand "voluntary contributions" from Republican office-holders. Here is the "stand-and-deliver" sort of notification which has just been sent by the Chairman of the Ohio Republican State Executive Committee to the clerks in the Washington departments:

"The Republican Executive Committee of Ohio is now fully organized and actively at work. Funds are required for this work. The campaign in Ohio is now more than a State campaign. It is national in both its importance and effect. The election of Hon. William McKinley, jr., and his associates on the ticket, and a Republican General Assembly this fall in Ohio, and a Republican United States Senator from this State, assures Republican success in the campaign of 1892. You are the incumbent of place made possible by the success of the party in the past. The continued success of the Republican party is of great interest and advantage to the whole country, and you no doubt appreciate it. A liberal contribution from you as an individual will largely aid the Committee in the furtherance of its work. In the ordinary business affairs of life, promptness of payment is absolutely required. Such promptness in our business is equally important. We will be pleased to hear from you at once."

The activity of Federal office-holders in the Republican campaign in this State becomes more pronounced every week. Nor does it anywhere meet rebuke from the Republican press. On the contrary, the leading organ of the party commends it with the utmost heartiness. Says the New York *Tribune:*

"Much credit is due to Postmaster Van Cott for the fine campaign meeting in Hardman Hall on Thursday evening. Mr. Van Cott and the Seventh District were on deck early this year: they organized a Fassett and Vrooman Club on the very day the nominations were made at Rochester, and they propose to remain there until sunset on Election Day."

The *Tribune* adds that "it is going to be a lively and a winning campaign." Does it really think that the constant presence of Mr. Van Cott "on deck," instead of employed in the discharge of his duties as Postmaster, is calculated to win independent voters to the support of the Republican ticket?

As the time for the assembling of Congress approaches, the Republicans are beginning to realize what a mess of scandals the Administration has been accumulating for a Democratic House to investigate. The Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* sounds a warning note. "The Census Office will be a mine for the Democrats," he writes, "and they will show the country just how little Bob Porter knew about the business of census-taking. There are many transactions in that office which will be paraded before the country and be used against the Republican party in the next campaign. No bureau of the Government seems so rotten and where so many offences have been committed as in this Census Office. Not only is it clear that the census is utterly unreliable, but it seems that enormous sums have been spent, and how or where will only come out when some one is made to tell the truth about the inside transactions of the office." Next to the Census Office, the worst showing will probably be made by an investigation of the methods of Green B. Raum in the Pension Office. "Many good Republicans," says the correspondent, "have been earnestly hoping that Raum would get out and leave the office in the hands of some capable and efficient officer who was, moreover, known to be thoroughly honest." It

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is also likely that the Naval Committee will look into the management of that Department and see if it is true, as charged by a great many, that Acting-Admiral Walker has been exercising "a pull," to the detriment of the navy. Still another scandal which this correspondent overlooks is that of Wanamaker and the Keystone Bank of Philadelphia, which should engage the early attention of the Banking and Currency Committee. Altogether, it is safe to predict that the Democrats will make the most of the great opportunities which the Republicans have given them.

The Legislative Committee in Pennsylvania which is investigating the affairs of the State Treasury and Auditor-General's Office in connection with the Bardsley robberies in Philadelphia, is having some trouble because of the absence from the State of the most desirable witnesses. It will be remembered that all the living ex-Treasurers and ex-Treasury clerks, including Quay, hastened to get out of the State as soon as the Committee came together. The Auditor-General, Mr. McCamant, did not venture to flee, however, and he took the witness-stand on Saturday. He denied all charges of guilty knowledge of Bardsley's doings, but he had some difficulty in giving plausible explanations of some letters which had passed between him and Bardsley, and which the District Attorney of Philadelphia placed in evidence. These showed that Bardsley had been in the habit of making presents of various kinds to Mr. McCamant, ranging from neckties and rare books to French clocks. In explanation of these, Mr. McCamant said that he found it difficult to obtain rare books in Harrisburg, and so he got Mr. Bardsley to buy them for him in Philadelphia. As for the neckties, he happened to want some one day when he was in Philadelphia, and, as he had not time to buy them, Bardsley offered to get them for him. "I preferred purchasing them there," he added, "as I wear an unusually long tie and it is not easy to find those in Harrisburg. I generally buy such little things when I am in Philadelphia."

That this explanation, like the neckties, is "unusually long," is shown by the citation which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* makes from some remarks recently uttered by the District Attorney in court. It had been shown by the stubs of Bardsley's checkbooks that he had drawn checks for several large amounts, like $1,000, $500, $666, to "L. and Mc," "Mc," "W. L.," and at other times to Thomas McCamant and William Livsey. Livsey was cashier in the State Treasurer's office, and he first left the State and then resigned. Bardsley was brought from prison to court last week in order to explain these checks, but he refused to testify. This refusal forced the District Attorney to drop the cases against McCamant and Livsey for the present, and in doing so he said:

"For instance, check No. 318, April 1, 1890, for $500; for that we have a post-office receipt and registered letters from both Mr. McCamant and Mr. Livsey, dated April 2, 1890; No. 324, May 1, 1890, $666—in regard to that I find a letter of Mr. McCamant's dated May 3, in which he says: 'Please accept my thanks for favors received'; No. 426—there is a letter comes of corresponding date, 'Your favor of yesterday received; accept my thanks.' So it goes on continually, the letter and check corresponding in date, allowing merely for what would be the time in the transmission from here to there—the receipt of the money. I mention this simply to show why I have kept these letters—why I have preserved them for the purposes of prosecution."

In commenting upon this statement in connection with Mr. McCamant's testimony, the *Ledger* says:

"If it had not been for the perversity of Mr. Bardsley, we might have had a week ago the simple and satisfying explanation that the then City Treasurer was engaged in buying neckties and handkerchiefs, books, etc., for the Auditor-General, and that these were the favors of which acknowledgment was made. It was an awkward coincidence that Mr. McCamant should need a necktie or something of that sort on the very days that Mr. Bardsley was drawing these tell-tale checks!"

There is one newspaper in a very grouty state over the shortening of time between England and Japan, as exemplified by the carrying of the mail from Yokohama to London in twenty days. This is the *Manufacturer* of Philadelphia. This shortening, it says, "simply means quickening the processes of filching from the Japanese their substance." Great Britain, it thinks, is breaking down the native industries of Japan, as she did long ago those of India. The shortening of mail carriage will hasten the day when no Japanese will be able to earn a living by his labor, but will have to stand still and submit to be clothed and fed, tobaccoed and liquored, by John Bull exclusively. So serious is this prospect, and so much does it rouse the missionary zeal in the organ of the Manufacturers' Club that it thinks we ought to interfere and force Japan to adopt a tariff of some kind—we hardly know what kind, and the organ does not explain. It says that "we buy far more from Japan than England does, and sell far less to Japan. Last year our imports amounted to $21,000,000 and our exports only to $5,000,000, while in the case of England the figures are just about reversed." A dreadful state of things, indeed! Since, in the present state of our navy, we cannot spare a fleet to go to Japan and compel her to buy more from us, the only alternative is for us to buy less from her. It is quite within our power to stop buying $21,000,000 from Japan. Then if she should continue to buy $5,000,000 from us (and she might be such a fool if we didn't make much noise about it), the situation would be reversed, and we should be as happy as England is. Why will some people take such roundabout ways to attain felicity when it is immediately within their grasp?

The proposed treaty between Brazil and the Argentine Republic for the settlement of the Missiones boundary dispute was rejected by the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies, August 10, by an overwhelming majority. This result had been for some time foreseen, inasmuch as the terms of the treaty appeared to be a flat abandonment of almost the entire Brazilian contention. The negotiation was conducted hastily, and, it is now alleged, in a glaringly incompetent manner, by the Provisional Government, and its upsetting is only one of many signs of popular disapproval of the goings on in the time of the Dictatorship. The ex-Emperor was brought into the debate through a declaration by one of his friends, that he considered the treaty a surrender of national rights, and that he never would have consented to it while Emperor. This fell in so pat with the general temper that it distinctly enhanced the public regard for Dom Pedro. The exact effect of the rejection of the treaty is in dispute. There was a pre-existing agreement between the two countries to submit the matter to arbitration, but it is now held that this was superseded and nullified by the treaty. However, a peaceful settlement of the difficulty in some way or other is to be looked for, as neither country is in a condition to do any fighting.

The International Corn Market at Vienna was opened on the 30th of August, and the results of the European harvests, prepared by the best statisticians, were then exhibited. Omitting the smaller countries and subdivisions, the showing as to wheat and rye was as follows, the figure 100 representing an average crop:

	Wheat.	Rye.
Austria	93	83
Hungary	100	71
Prussia	92	76
Bavaria	78	80
Italy	86	.
Belgium	26	45
France	64	90
Great Britain and Ireland	95	
Russia—Podolia	100	60
Bessarabia	70	50
Poland	82	87
Central	55	65
Kherson and Yekaterinoslav	90	60
Kurland and Lithuania	95	75
Northern	45	45
Egypt	95	

The wheat production of India was set down at 6,824,000 tons, being an increase of 700,000 tons over last year. That of the United States was given as 545,000,000 bushels, against 399,000,000 bushels last year. This great gain in the United States, the London *Economist's* correspondent says, "created quite a sensation." But later accounts than those known at Vienna, from the spring-wheat districts of the Northwest, authorize the belief that the wheat crop of the United States will be fully 50,000,000 bushels larger than that given above. The opinion was expressed that the harvest of the United States would suffice to balance the deficiencies in Russia and in western Europe.

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THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE gains resulting from the action of the Democratic Convention, so far as Federal politics is concerned, are obvious. That action has thrown the State unmistakably on the side of good money, so that it will not now be possible for the Republicans to ignore the tariff in 1892, and go to the country, as they had hoped, on the issue of free coinage. It has completely overthrown Hill and destroyed his machine, thus removing him completely from the arena as a competitor with Mr. Cleveland for the vote of the New York delegation. The effect of this on Democratic politics and politicians all over the country will doubtless be very strong. It will probably give a death-blow to the silver craze long before the National Convention meets.

The platform touching the silver question is both uncompromising and aggressive. Its attack upon the present silver law (the Act of July 14, 1890) betrays both a discerning mind and a courageous spirit. We confess that we did not look for either of these qualities in the degree in which we find them set out in the platform. Neither Tilden nor Manning ever produced anything more to the point, or more worthy of the support of the business community. The act named is the Republican party's chief stumbling-block in a financial way. The difference between that and free coinage is one of degree only. Both point to the substitution of the silver standard in place of the gold standard in the progress of time. That this is the tendency and drift of the Act of July 14 is tacitly confessed in the measure itself. After providing for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion each month, the act declares it to be the policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other. That language would never have been used if there had not been, in the minds of the framers of the law, a belief that its operation would at some time put the two metals *off* a parity with each other. There could have been no other motive for embodying this clause in the bill, as it was only a stump speech in any case. It is declaratory, or rather declamatory, and without legislative force. It puts up a finger-post for the executive branch of the Government, and in this way advertises the fact that the purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver per year does tend to disparity between the two metals. It is an apology for a conscious financial blunder, and the mischief of it is, that it requires the Republican party to go on apologizing for it indefinitely, and thus perpetuating the evil apologized for. Both Senator Sherman and Mr. McKinley in Ohio have taken the ground that the Act of July 14 is a good thing *per se*, and all the people whom they can persuade are parroting their words. Now Mr. Sherman knows that that act is a very bad and dangerous one. It is well known that he gave it his assent and his vote under protest and with the greatest reluctance. He knows better than any other Senator that the purchase and coinage of silver ought to be stopped altogether. If his partisan interests were not involved—if he were free to speak as he thinks—he would applaud the resolution of the New York Democratic Convention with both hands. But it has turned out, as often before in Mr. Sherman's career, that he is now giving his sanction and his support, and such educating influence as he commands, to policies which he knows to be bad, and which will lead to financial wreck unless the business community is saved by more courageous men than himself.

Now the Democratic party in the West and South has gone in for free coinage. The Democrats of the East, and particularly those of New York, have taken the opposite tack. If the latter succeed in the elections this year, they will stem the tide and remove that danger from the field. Especially will this result follow if the Democrats lose Ohio and hold New York and Massachusetts. There is now, for the first time in many years, an opportunity for the party to return to its old platform—the platform of Jackson, Benton, Marcy, and Silas Wright. The traditional policy of the Democratic party on the money question was sound. It was always in favor of the best dollar that could be had. No dollar was then too good for the wage-earner or for any American citizen. It is only since the war, and since the insidious and debasing influence of legal-tender notes came into play, that the party has been led into the mischievous and ruinous policy of favoring clipped money. Once out of this rut—and there is now a fair chance of getting out—there will be no free-coinage party left in any part of the country, and we shall have only to deal with the pestilent Act of July 14, which the Republicans are hypocritically praising. The financial firmament has been much cleared by the action taken at Saratoga, and we feel a due sense of thankfulness to the men whose persistence and courage have given the voice of the party in the Empire State against the further coinage of silver, except on the basis of its intrinsic equality with gold.

But in saying this, we must not overlook the fact that the Convention at Saratoga was, after all, a State Convention; that it influences Federal politics only indirectly and remotely. Concerning Federal legislation it can exercise only the power of advice or persuasion. Concerning State politics it speaks with the voice of a probable ruler. If its ticket should win this fall, the result will, in the Federal arena, fortify certain opinions concerning the national finances and discredit certain other opinions, but in the State arena it will put certain men in power in this city and in the State, and firmly intrench certain others in power which they already hold. Consequently, while our interest in the Convention's action in Federal politics is to a certain degree a speculative interest, our interest in its State action is an intensely practical interest. In the one sphere, the Federal arena, the politicians at Saratoga simply think; in the State arena they act. They will have power; they will handle public moneys; they will fill important public offices, both ministerial and judicial; they will shape legislation affecting fully two-thirds of the things which most concern the safety, honor, and welfare of the people of this city and State.

The nature of the ruling influence in the Convention and its attitude towards State and municipal politics, therefore, are of extreme importance to all of us. It is to be observed, in the first place, that the managers in it who carried the day, who excluded the County Democracy, deposed Hill, nominated Mr. Flower, and drafted the platform, were the chiefs of Tammany Hall—notably, Messrs. Croker, Gilroy, Bourke Cockran, and Martin. The interest of these gentlemen in Federal politics, on such questions as currency, the tariff, and the like, is well known, as we have often pointed out in these columns, to be very slight. Their interest in the distribution of State and city offices is intense. Should they win at the coming election, Mr. Flower will, as their choice, perforce both veto and sign bills under their direction. Should they carry the Legislature, their best efforts will, we are sure, be directed towards strengthening the hold which Tammany Hall now possesses on the city government, which is very strong already, and cannot be shaken as long as it has the support or control of the State Government.

The general direction of this legislation may be inferred both from the action of the Democratic minority in the last Legislature and from some of the planks in the present platform. One of these denounces the Republican attempts to regulate the liquor traffic as attempts to "pass sumptuary laws which needlessly interfere with the personal liberty of law-abiding citizens." What this means we know from the character of the present Tammany Excise Board. Another accuses the Republicans of "covertly lending their influence to the restriction of manhood suffrage." What this means we know from the attitude of Tammany and the Democrats in the Legislature last winter towards the Ballot Act. Another "denounces expensive legislative investigating committees, whose investigations degenerate into strikes for political patronage upon the official authorities of Democratic municipalities." What this means we know from the revelations made by the Fassett Committee touching the condition of the Sheriff's office under Mayor Grant, the presentment of the same by the Grand Jury, the condition of the Register's office, and the indictment of one of the leaders of the Convention, viz., "Barney" Martin, for corruption in office, and his appointment to a more important place after indictment. There would be no inconvenient or expensive investigations, we may be sure, under a Tammany régime, and yet these investigations are the salt of our local politics. They save us from absolute putridity.

These things have to be considered by every honest voter. Hillism *was* a bad thing, and Plattism *is* a bad thing. The destruction of the one ought to be rejoiced over, and the destruction of the other pursued in every way possible. But politics is a very practical matter, and every election is apt to be, in the present state of human nature, a choice of evils which we *must* make. There is no escape from it.

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THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign in Ohio, which promised at the outset to be a square fight on the tariff question between two able men, has been deprived of its representative character by the injection into it of the silver question. The step by which this change was brought about was taken by the Democrats with deliberation. A majority of their Convention —although not a large majority—voted for the free coinage of silver, with all which that implies. Gov. Campbell now says, in his opening speech, that the Democrats "desire the subject to be discussed by the people, and believe that it will be disposed of honestly and intelligently by the next Democratic National Convention. They indignantly resent, as insolent and untrue, the charge that they desire to restore the free and unlimited coinage of silver in any manner *except that which will make every silver dollar as good in purchasing power as any other dollar*, and *worth 100 cents*, as it is to-day, wherever the American flag may cover it." The words in italics are a very important saving clause, but they are not found in the platform of the Ohio Democrats. They may serve to indicate what Gov. Campbell's views are, but they are imported into the canvass, and we may be sure that the glance of Senator Sherman will detect the discrepancy and make the most of it, and that McKinley will follow Sherman's lead.

Considering all the embarrassments that the silver issue put in Mr. Campbell's way, his speech at Sidney was a very able one. He showed that McKinley had been blowing both hot and cold on the silver question from the beginning, and that he had voted in Congress on the 5th of November, 1877, for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Since that time he has probably had no opinions on the subject, one way or the other, except as they have been doled out to him. He reported with much unction the clause of the last national Republican platform which condemned the Cleveland Administration for its hostility to silver. Referring to this matter in a speech in the last Congress, on the 7th of June, 1890, Mr. Payson of Illinois justly remarked:

> "I remember as an auditor in that Convention hearing the distinguished gentleman from Ohio [Mr. McKinley], the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, read the platform in the great Auditorium building in which that Convention was held. I do not forget, when the ringing words came from his lips to an audience then conscious as a matter of recent recollection of the position of the Cleveland Administration in regard to silver, the response of that audience when he read the declaration:
>
> "'We, the Republican party, believe in the use of gold and silver as money, and we denounce the present Democratic Administration for its hostility to silver.'
>
> "The words that thus fell from his lips as he read that platform to that assembled multitude met with an enthusiastic response that I shall never forget so long as I live."

That enthusiastic response was probably still ringing in McKinley's ears, as in Payson's, when at Toledo, as late as February of the present year, he again denounced President Cleveland for his hostility to silver. But he was turned around by Senator Sherman, and was induced by him, or by the stress of weather, to utter words of commendation of Mr. Cleveland within six months of his Toledo speech. If the contest in Ohio were to be decided by the showing of inconsistencies in the course of one's opponents, Gov. Campbell's chances of reëlection would be very good.

His treatment of the present silver law was very successful in proving that there is no more reason for issuing legal-tender notes against pig silver than in issuing them against pig-lead or any other kind of property. "It is mere pawnbroking," he continued. "Printed tickets or certificates might as well be issued upon the temporary deposit of watches, jewelry, or second-hand clothes. Under this new system of financiering, the Mint at Philadelphia should be abandoned, and the symbolical sign of three golden balls hung over the entrance to the Treasury at Washington." Very true, but what is your plan, Governor? He goes on to say that "the Ohio Democracy would invoke the legislative and *treaty* powers to undo the wrong they [the Republicans] have perpetrated, and to aid, so far as lies in their power, to restore silver to its proper place and use." The word treaty, or language implying a treaty, is not to be found in the platform of the Ohio Democrats. When Gov. Campbell says that there is a difference of opinion among Democrats in regard to silver, he speaks truly, and there is apparently a difference between himself as an individual and those who voted the free-coinage plank into the platform. But his interpretation of the platform itself cannot be accepted. The poison is there and it cannot be explained away. "Unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations"; as little have they for the internal harmony of parties.

Mr. Mills of Texas has rendered the country and his own party a very great service in puncturing the "per capita" windbag in his speech at Mansfield, Ohio, on Saturday last. Although he voted for free coinage in the House, and still believes that "the United States can open their mints to the free coinage of silver at fifteen and one-half ounces, equal to one of gold, and can keep the two metals at par," he has begun to ask the fatal question, "But what good would it do us?" There's the rub. What is the object of running even a small amount of risk by engaging in any such enterprise? Why should the United States undertake the job of keeping the two metals at par, from which all the other great nations of the world shrink? How would it profit the people of the United States? How would it relieve the existing distress, if distress does really exist?

As soon as these questions are asked, the huge gap in the argument of the silver-men, which we have often pointed out in these columns, becomes fully apparent. That gap consists in the failure to explain the difference between money "per capita" and money in the pocket. There is now, say, $23 per capita of currency afloat, but does this show that each man, woman, and child has $23 in hand? By no means. Some have millions, some have thousands, some have hundreds, but a great body have not $10 in cash. Supposing the currency were increased by free coinage or otherwise to $50 per capita, would this increase the amount in possession per pocket? Not in the least. It would be divided as before in about the same proportions. The millionaires would get the largest share, the thousand-dollar men would get the next largest, and so on down.

In other words, the free-coinage scheme, like all schemes for additions to the currency, would fail, as an instrumentality for the relief of distress, owing to the total want in it of any contrivance for transferring the coins when issued to the pockets of those who are short of money. Under the free-coinage plan, they would be given to the man who brought in the silver to the mint to be coined. In other words, the Government would buy his silver from him at a certain fixed rate. When he drew the money, would he hasten to distribute it among the suffering farmers or the poorly paid mechanics? Would he hand it over to the pensioners, or pay it into the charitable associations of the great cities? By no means. He would sordidly pay it into his own bank account and draw on it for his own purposes, in entire indifference to the generous motives of the framers of the bill.

Mr. Mills makes this clearer than any party politician has hitherto ventured to do, and it raises him far above the ordinary campaign orator. We have not now many men in public life who have the courage to combat a popular delusion on the stump, and they seem to grow fewer. The scarcity of them has been made painfully apparent by the currency and pension agitation, but there are, nevertheless, some left, and Mr Mills towers above them all. When he told the Ohio farmers that no matter how much currency we have "per capita," none of it can get into the farmers' pockets except in exchange for labor or goods, he told the saving truth of the present crisis. He laid the axe to the root of the "per capita" delusion. He showed the road to the only relief the farmer can get from the Government in the present economical condition of the world. That relief consists not in getting more money from the Government, but in compelling the Government to stop taking so much money from the farmer. In other words, the farmer must be raised out of his present slough by reducing his taxes.

THE GOLD MOVEMENT.

THE return movement of gold to this country, which was predicted to begin about the middle of September, has set in, and it is not impossible that we may get back all that we have sent abroad this year, or even more, as a result of the remarkable crop conditions of the two continents. Whenever such a movement becomes excessive, or seems to be so, to the exporting country, we hear of steps taken to resist it, which, however, always fail of their object. Thus, when the movement became a little

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alarming here a few months ago, Congress changed the law which required the Treasury Department to exchange gold bars for gold coin, and authorized the Department to charge for bars the cost of manufacturing them, or to refuse bars altogether. The latter policy was adopted, with the evident intent to check the exportation of gold. But it had no such effect. It had no other effect than to add a fraction to the cost of paying the debts which private individuals here owed to foreigners. As the Government was never under obligation to supply to its citizens anything better than gold coin of standard weight and fineness, the supplying of gold bars previously was a gratuity; but it was a gratuity to Americans, not to foreigners. The withdrawal of the privilege could not be complained of, but the expediency of it is open to question. Certainly the gold movement went on without the smallest interruption, much the largest part of it taking place after the Department had declined to furnish gold bars at all.

We now hear of steps taken on the other side, or about to be taken, to check the movement in this direction. Such steps may be taken in France, where the Bank has the option of redeeming its notes in silver, but they cannot be taken in England. In his speech at Leeds some months ago, Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that England was the only country in Europe which did not offer any obstacles to the exportation of gold, and that this fact (the establishment of a fixed standard of payments) had had an important influence in making London the centre of the world's commerce. He showed how very small a part of the trading done by mankind is really transacted by the actual use and handling of money, and how large a part by letters of credit. Only a small part, probably not 5 per cent., of the commerce that centres in London or in New York could be done at all if the passing of money to and fro were required to carry it on. In the first place, the money does not exist in sufficient quantity, and if it did exist, the traders could not handle and count it without a ruinous loss of time. The course of international trade is this: A banker whose credit is known and established in the principal seats of commerce, issues a letter of credit to the trader. The latter buys goods with drafts drawn against the letter of credit; that is, on the issuing banker. These drafts are paid in the money of the country or place where the banker transacts his business. If the money is gold, the draft is paid in gold; if silver, it is paid in silver; if it is one of the "limping standard" countries, the draft may be paid in gold at a small premium, the standard of payments being thus slightly variable.

A "limping standard" country is one in which bimetallism once existed but has since been discarded in favor of the single gold standard, leaving a considerable amount of old legal-tender silver on hand. France and all the countries of the Latin Monetary Union are of this type. The old silver coin drifts to the Bank of France. It is bulky and inconvenient. People do not like to be bothered with it more than is necessary. The Bank must take it on deposit because it is legal money. Thus about two hundred and fifty million dollars of the old silver has got lodged in its vaults. The Bank is a private institution. Every five-franc piece in its vaults is good to pay its own debts with. Four of them are as good for this purpose as a louis d'or. They are as good to any and every debtor in France, and, with some restrictions and qualifications, in any part of the Latin Union. But outside of those boundaries the difference in value between twenty francs of French silver and twenty francs of French gold is perhaps 30 per cent., or would be but for the fact that any foreigner having French silver can buy French goods with it, the seller of the goods depositing it in the Bank of France as the equivalent of gold.

Here we find the measure of the Bank's ability to charge a premium on gold drawn from it for export. It is troublesome to draw silver and cart it around to pay for goods. But the exporters would never go to the trouble, except in extreme cases, of buying French goods in order to realize on their silver. They would simply buy gold from the money-changers. The premium charged by the latter would be the measure of the trouble of getting the money into the form of exportable goods. This premium the Bank can charge for gold, and no more. It is easy to see that the man who pays the premium is the French debtor, not the American creditor, the French buyer and not the American seller. The Frenchman has to pay his debt anyhow, or go into bankruptcy. He must pay it in our unit of value, which is, up to this time, the gold dollar. If the Bank in which he keeps his money puts him to the trouble and expense of going to the money-changers to buy gold, that is his trouble and expense, not ours. The Bank may properly say to its customer: "You put this silver in here, and you must take it back or pay us something for taking care of it for you."

It is, undoubtedly, an injury to French credit and to French commerce that one cannot know for certain whether a draft drawn on Paris will be paid in gold at its face value, or whether a premium will be charged for the gold—the alternative being payment in silver and the selling of the silver in the street. Persons selling to France or taking French drafts will generally charge enough more to cover the possible shave. There is no way in which the loss can be put upon foreigners after they have once learned what the practice is. It is not often that the Bank charges a premium in gold, but the liability to a premium is always present, and insurance against it is one of the costs of the French trader. It is one of the expenses of doing business in that country. It does not check or delay in the smallest degree the exportation of gold when trade conditions require it.

The United States are not as yet a silver-standard or even a limping-standard country. We offer no obstacles to the exportation of gold. The withdrawal of the gold-bar privilege was the withdrawal of a gratuity, not the interposition of an obstacle. Perhaps the experience of this remarkable year—remarkable for the movement of gold to and fro — will teach us all that the exportation of the metal is not an evil to be resisted, since we get the worth of it in something that we have voluntarily sought, and that we prefer for the time being to have instead of gold. It may show us, also, that resistance, unless it takes the form of not buying the thing we want, is always and absolutely futile.

PROPERTY AND JUSTICE.

THE address delivered by Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States to the graduates of the Yale Law School, which is published in the *New Englander* for August, deserves the attention of all students of our constitutional history. It marks what we sincerely hope may be a turning-point in the course of judicial decision affecting legislative confiscation of property. The legal-tender decisions, the slaughter-house cases, the elevator cases, and the judgment affirming the constitutionality of the Kansas prohibitory law, had gone far to establish the principle, announced by Chief-Justice Waite in the opinion of the Court in Munn vs. Illinois, that "for protection against abuses by legislatures the people must resort to the polls, not to the courts." This startling doctrine, which, in its broad statement, would subvert all constitutional liberties, has, in the recent railway case from Minnesota, been substantially repudiated. In that case, Justice Brewer declares, it was decided "that, under the guise of legislative control over tariffs, it was not possible for State or nation to destroy the investments of private capital in such enterprises; that the individual had rights as well as the public, and rights which the public could not take from him." This opinion, Justice Brewer emphatically asserts, "will ever remain a strong and unconquerable fortress in the long struggle between individual rights and public greed," and he adds: "I rejoice to have been permitted to put one stone into that fortress."

These words, so highly reassuring to those who fail to discover ideal justice in the destruction by the State of rights of property which it has long recognized, represent no mere expression of personal feeling or of legal conservatism on the part of Justice Brewer. They contain the logical result of a theory of the relations of men to the State that was once almost unquestioned in this country, but has of late been so far lost sight of that its public reaffirmation by a Justice of the Supreme Court is extremely encouraging. According to this theory, "the corner-stone of the foundation upon which the Constitution was built, and upon which it rests to-day, was and is the Declaration of Independence," and that Declaration affirmed—

"that sacredness of life, of liberty, and of property, are rights—unalienable rights; anteceding human government and its only sure foundation; given not by man to man, but

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granted by the Almighty to every one; something which he has by virtue of his manhood, which he may not surrender, and of which he cannot be deprived. . . . When, among the affirmations of the Declaration of Independence, it is asserted that the pursuit of happiness is one of the unalienable rights, it is meant that the acquisition, possession, and enjoyment of property are matters which human government cannot forbid and which it cannot destroy; that, except in punishment for crime, no man's property, nor any value thereof, can be taken from him without just compensation. . . . Whatever dreams may exist of an ideal human nature which cares nothing for possession and looks only to labor for the good of others, actual human experience, from the dawn of history to the present hour, declares that the love of acquirement, mingled with the joy of possession, is the real stimulus to human activity."

The right of property asserted by this theory is thus based upon a sound psychology, alike supported by the lessons of history and recognized by the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States. Our governments exist to secure the rights of the individual against the assaults of the majority. It is the individual who needs protection, for he is weak; the majority is strong and can take care of itself. Of direct destruction of property by Government we are in little danger, but its value may be diminished or destroyed by forbidding or prescribing charges for its use. In the "Granger" cases the question involved was not the extent of the right to prescribe the charges of common carriers, but the existence of this right, which was denied by the railroads. But in the "elevator" cases the extent of the right was at issue; and its limitation in such a way as not to result in practical confiscation was what was accomplished by the Minnesota case to which Justice Brewer has referred above, with such honorable pride.

As it is the use of property that gives it its value, it is obvious that to forbid the use is to destroy the value, and here, unfortunately, the record of the Supreme Court is not so good as in the matter of prescribing charges. As to the abstract question there is authority enough, and it is indeed impossible to maintain any plausible distinction between an act that deprives a man of his property and an act that prevents him from using it. But in sustaining the constitutionality of the Kansas act prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, the court practically adopted this distinction. The case came up on appeal from Justice Brewer's judgment against the constitutionality of the act, and it is entirely clear that he has not altered his original views. To do so, indeed, would be in such a case to stultify himself, for he was reversed by a weak court in an opinion of exceptional feebleness, and, as he very judiciously observes, it was unfortunate that this question came into the courts "along the line of deep feeling, and in the furtherance of a lofty and noble effort to suppress the enormous evils of intemperance." In as plain language as his position would allow, he intimates that posterity may look upon this decision as we look upon the decrees of the Massachusetts courts in the witchcraft cases. Personally, it seems, Justice Brewer believes in prohibitory legislation; but he believes even more in justice, and, as the Kansas act destroyed the property of individuals without compensation, he condemns it. He regrets that

"In the glory of success and the furtherance of a good cause, the State forgot to be just. There were four or five breweries, with machinery and appliances valuable only for one use, worth a few thousand dollars (a mere bagatelle in comparison with the wealth of the State), built up under the sanction of the law, owned by citizens whose convictions were different from those of the majority, and who believed the manufacture and sale of beer to be right and wise. As good citizens it was fitting that they should yield to the judgment of the majority. As honest men, it was fitting for the majority not to destroy without compensation, and to share with the few the burden of that change in public sentiment evidenced by the Constitutional amendment. It will be said hereafter, to the glory of the State, that she pioneered the way to temperance; to her shame, that at the same time she forgot to be honest and just, and was willing to be temperate at the expense of the individual."

It is not to be expected that the Supreme Court will directly repudiate its own precedents, but we think that these utterances by Justice Brewer may be taken to indicate that, in the immediate future at least, that court will not sustain legislative acts impairing the value of property, either by fixing charges for its use that are unremunerative, or by forbidding uses essential to its value, unless compensation to owners is provided. Justice Brewer, of course, recognizes the existence of the police power, and goes to perhaps an unnecessary length in declaring that Government may regulate or destroy any use of property in the name of public morality, health, or welfare; but he insists that this power involves as its complement "the full, absolute, and unqualified recognition and enforcement" of the right of compensation. The existence of this right restrains hasty action. "It induces a small majority to hesitate in imposing upon an unwilling and large minority its notions of what is demanded by public health or morals or welfare." Moreover, all experience shows that attempts of this kind fall of their aim, because jurors and witnesses reflect the feeling of the minority as well as of the majority. This, however, is an argument of a different order, and might be turned upon Justice Brewer's approval of prohibitory legislation with damaging effect.

The great truth emphasized by this address is, in short, that as in criminal matters *ex-post-facto* laws are unrighteous, so in civil affairs no Legislature can disturb vested rights. Rights of property created in reliance upon laws which sanction their creation are not to be ruthlessly extinguished by the withdrawal of that sanction. Popular government especially, Justice Brewer maintains, cannot endure unless this principle is upheld. He frankly declares that if our own Government is to be permanent, we must recast some of our judicial decisions, "and if that be not possible, we must rewrite into our Constitution the affirmations of the Declaration of Independence, in language so clear and peremptory that no judge can doubt or hesitate, and no man, not even a legislator, misunderstand"—a passage followed by an allusion which those familiar with the slaughter-house cases will appreciate.

We have commended this address to the attention of students of the Constitution; and as a species of Pretorian edict it is certainly noteworthy. But there is so much in it that every thoughtful citizen should consider, and the spirit breathed is so wholesome, that the societies engaged in disseminating political information would do well to republish it in a form suitable for distribution. It is very short, but, short as it is, it contains several important intimations to which we have not referred. The more conservative portion of the legal profession will experience a revival of their somewhat impaired confidence in the Supreme Court if its new members are imbued with the convictions expressed by Justice Brewer, and the business community will rejoice in the possession of judges who have sufficient courage to recognize and assert their function as the guardians of constitutional rights against the vagaries of legislators.

THE OUTLOOK FOR CHURCH UNION.

It was in 1886 that the bishops of the Episcopal Church made their Chicago Declaration, laying down the four fundamentals upon which they asked all Protestant churches to unite. When their proposals for church union, or at least church federation, were ratified by the bishops of the English Church at Lambeth, in 1888, a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused in various other denominations. Some of them—for example, the Presbyterian—took official action in consequence of these proposals, and appointed committees of correspondence and conference on the subject. More striking than this was the warm approval given to the project in the religious press, and the hearty response to the Episcopal advances made by various leaders of prominence in different churches, both by addresses and publications. Thus it seemed for a time as if the latest attempt to unify divided Protestantism might meet with a fair degree of success; but the turn of more recent discussion and action shows that it is to have no more immediate or practical effect than foregoing efforts of the sort.

The four points of this new irenic theology relate to the Scriptures, the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed, the two sacraments, and the "Historic Episcopate locally adapted." No especial difficulty has arisen with respect to the first and third, upon which, indeed, the affirmations are conveniently vague. But in reference to the creeds and the episcopate, the debate has taken an acute turn, and it is upon them that the entire project will go to wreck. This may be seen in the attitude of the two denominations which may best be taken as the Right and the Left, if the Episcopalians are to be regarded as the Centre—namely, the Presbyterian and the Unitarian. The first stands for a compact and highly organized system of church polity which rejects episcopacy. It also stands for an extremely conservative type of theology. The Unitarians, on the other hand, are among the most extreme defenders of the independence and sovereignty of the

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individual church, as well as the most liberal of all in theology.

Now the curious thing is, that these two widely differing denominations attack the proposals of the Episcopalians precisely at these points of creed and organization. "The Nicene Creed?" asks the Presbyterian dubiously; "that did well enough for the fourth century, and might even now pass as a compend for the use of converts, but it is quite too vague and undeveloped to be the official creed of a church." This was the gist of the talk at the last General Assembly, when the subject was up for discussion, and the subsequent action taken was practically a breaking off of the entire negotiation. On the other hand, Dr. William Everett, in the September *Unitarian Review*, speaking for his co-religionists, declares that the Nicene Creed is altogether too much "expanded by glosses," and filled with "subtleties of the Byzantine Church," to "attract the faith of churches whose members have never repeated it as catechumens, or listened to it as worshippers." He also resents, in the name of local autonomy, the invitation to submit to Episcopal church-government, just as strenuously as the Presbyterians did in the name of the divine right of Presbytery.

This cross-fire on both flanks may very well confirm the Episcopal Church in the belief that it is the true *via media* to which both extremes are bound to come; yet the vigor of the firing must convince it that the extremes are as yet by no means minded to make a start. The fact is, the movement has been too theoretic and abstract to succeed. If the question is simply one of friendly feeling and perfect toleration between the churches, it is already solved. As an Episcopal minister lately wrote, "We have more unity now than our machinery can handle." The attempt should have begun at the practical end. If the proposal had been to arrange for an equitable division of charitable and religious work in cities, for example, so that the present great waste from overlapping and conflict might be avoided, or for a similar partition of territory in new countries, like our remote West, or in foreign missionary enterprises, it could hardly have failed so to appeal to the business men in the various churches who have to foot the bills, that a beginning at least would have been made. But as soon as the proposed basis of union was made predominantly speculative, it was certain that, sooner or later, the discussion would awaken the dormant instinct and passion of denominationalism, and that, so far from leading to real unity, the proposal would result, as it has resulted, in a distinct sharpening of the sectarian spirit.

Moreover, along with this has come the breaking out of serious divisions within several of the churches. In one case at least there is grave danger that a denomination may be cleft into two, adding one more to the discordant sections of Protestant Christianity. We refer, of course, to the pending trial for heresy of Prof. Briggs, and, in his person, of the large body of his sympathizers in the Presbyterian Church. Some of the best-informed Presbyterians in this city look to see a split in their denomination, as a result of the probable issue of that trial and of the position already taken by Union Seminary. In the Baptist Church, too, there is a storm-centre gathering in the region of Boston, and even the Methodists have their theological "suspects." Most significant of all, the Episcopal Church itself, the one that invited the differing sects to find peace and unity within its ample and tolerant communion, has a trial for heresy on foot, which may bring about the cutting off of a leading rector and his followers. All these evidences of the persistence of the tendency to subdivision, even within a particular sect, certainly make the outlook for church union on a large scale sufficiently gloomy.

To many minds it will seem that not enough attention has been given to the preliminary question, Is church union, of the sort contemplated, really desirable? Doubtless the Protestant Reformers did not foresee the divisive nature of the principles to which they committed themselves; but now that we do clearly enough, we must either accept the divisions or give up the principles. It may very seriously be doubted if any church union can be formed among those who really believe in the right of private judgment. Any basis upon which they could all stand would either be so vague as to be worthless, or would speedily break down under the weight of conflicting interpretation. In short, the most obvious ground of unity among Protestants is the common conviction that private judgment is too important and too sacred to make possible any organized unity worth the having. The Catholic Church has known how to attain and preserve solidarity, but it has been at the expense of what Protestantism regards as dearer than solidarity. For better or for worse, the Protestant world is committed to inquiry and to liberty. Free inquiry has thus far meant ecclesiastical division, and bids fair to continue to do so. As a writer in the *Andover Review* says, speaking of the subject in its widest bearings, "They who look for a reconciliation of Romanism and Protestantism, of Ecclesiasticism and Criticism, are dreaming idle dreams, having no knowledge of the principles upon which these opposing parties stand, and the eternal antagonism that exists between them."

NEW HAMPSHIRE INNKEEPING.

BETHLEHEM, N. H., Sept. 10, 1891.

THE growth of this little mountain village during the past quarter of a century is one of the most significant chapters in the history of the transformation which the State of New Hampshire has been and still is undergoing. The simple statement of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration, that more than five millions of dollars are annually brought into the State by summer visitors, gives us a starting-point for some very curious considerations as to the nature and the process of the present development. Driving with my landlord, a man of perhaps thirty-five, I was shown the house in which the first city boarders in Bethlehem were entertained. It was a little "story and a half" cottage, hardly visible in the midst of the great ugly barracks which have grown up around it. The city folks, so said the landlord, were stared at and followed about by himself and his contemporaries like beings from another sphere. At that time there was not a person in the region who had the faintest conception of that fine art, keeping a hotel. From such beginnings there has grown, within less than a generation, the accumulation of architectural horrors known the country over as "Bethlehem Street," maintaining and increasing from year to year its hold upon our travelling population, until it now draws thousands and thousands annually into its numerous hostelries.

It is evident that here was a most peculiar demand suddenly laid upon a community totally unprepared for it. Not only was the mountain region destitute of inns such as one would find in any rural region of Europe, but there was and is a something in the nature of the New England people distinctly opposed to innkeeping as a profession. The "tahvern" was a disreputable place, usually kept by some moral or commercial failure, and properly enough regarded by serious people as a plague-spot upon their community. The fare dispensed to the unlucky wayfarer at such a place was of the most appalling description, bad enough to counteract in a few days the good effects of the splendid mountain air. A good flat bed was unknown; drainage and water-supply had received no intelligent thought. Evidently, the evolution of the future hotel was not to take place along the native professional line, and, in fact, the old taverns have only in very rare cases become, through some accident of situation, the popular hotels and boarding-houses of the present.

Another alternative would have been that professional hotel-keepers from the cities should carry their capital and experience into the country, anticipating, as shrewd business men, the movement of population in the summer, and making use of the immense advantage of their city connections to meet it. It is a very singular fact that this was not done. Almost without one exception the mountain landlords, from old Ethan Crawford down, have been New Hampshire men, and generally natives of the region in which their work has been done. This continues true to the present day, and it finds its echo in the language of the people. While the houses themselves bear such alluring titles as the "Alpine," "Highland," "Mountain View," etc., the native never uses these words if he can help it. He greets you with, "Stoppin' over to Charley Smith's?" or "John Henry's folks done pretty well this season?" or "Kind o' thinnin' out over to Amos's now?" Indeed, the moment one gets away from the very largest centres of mountain resort, the native is likely to be found totally ignorant of hotel names, and will be quite confused if asked to direct you to the "Sylvan Glade."

In estimating the growth of the summer industries of New Hampshire this native quality must be kept steadily in view, and really the results are most surprising. Taking Bethlehem Street as typical, we find, grown up over night as it were, fairly well-built wooden buildings capable of holding from 30 to 300 persons each, and managed chiefly by men who, as my landlord frankly confessed of himself, have not, and never did have, any idea of the business of keeping a hotel. What they know they have got by the rough-and-ready process of tumbling into it as emergencies arise, and trusting to their native common sense not to make the same mistake too many times. For instance, the art of attractive and wholesome cookery has but just begun to be

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studied here. Except in the most expensive hotels, the bill of fare is still essentially that of the average well-to-do New Hampshire family, and the method of cooking has varied little with the increase in its dimensions. On the other hand, the methods of service have approximated to those of city hotels and restaurants, keeping generally a decade behind the times. The usual hotel table, with its awful collection of pickle bottles, fiery sauces and other condiments in the centre, and its multitude of little dishes containing bits of cold vegetables badly cooked, is a heathenish affair developed through ignorant imitation of bad models. It does not provide what city people really like best, for it is apt to be most deficient in true country products, such as unlimited cream, eggs, and butter, while it strives ineffectually after "what city folks are used to."

There is a second element in the growth of summer industry which I have found even more curious than its native character, and which is in some ways curiously inconsistent with it. The entertainment of strangers not only ought to bring profit to the keepers of boarding-houses and hotels, but ought to stimulate all those industries which supply the wants of these houses. This has been done thus far to a surprisingly small extent: even those houses which have farms attached and whose advertisements treat so seductively of cream, butter, and eggs, raise but a small part of the products they consume. Here and there a very large house has found its profit in this work, but by far the larger part of the supply comes from the Boston market.

I have never heard either landlord or farmer deny the folly of this situation. Here are thousands of acres of land, close to an immense market which demands the best there is, and is forced to send hundreds of miles for a poor article when the best should be produced abundantly at its doors. The reasons are not far to seek. Truck-farming demands a kind of man that is rarely found in New Hampshire. It involves constant watchfulness, a wide knowledge of varieties of products, a capacity to change quickly from one crop to another, a study of soils and manures; in short, a world of things which the average wasteful New England farmer has no patience to "bother with." The same is true of the egg and poultry industry. The mountain hotels are using to-day turkeys frozen last autumn in Vermont, chickens, few and poor, gathered in from the accidental raisings of scattered farmers or sent up from Boston, and eggs as to whose antecedents the less said the better.

Small fruits, strawberries, currants, and raspberries, all of which ripen during the best season, with their immense value both for the table and for the making of preserves, are hardly grown here at all. Yet I found on inquiring that all over the smiling hills between Lisbon and Franconia flowers could be set out almost as early as in Massachusetts, and these small fruits would require no forcing to bear abundantly when prices are highest. I have seen nowhere in the State more beautiful fields, neater houses, or larger and finer barns than within a radius of five miles from Sugar Hill, where hotels and cottages are growing with great rapidity. With hay at less than $10 a ton, one would suppose that farmers would take the hint, diminish the area of their mowing-land, and try what brains and painstaking would do as against a wasteful use of muscle.

Another industry, until recently strangely neglected in New Hampshire, is the raising of cattle and horses; and here, too, the summer influx is already making itself felt. These rocky pastures of the mountain country are wonderfully rich in those short, sweet grasses which give flesh and power to growing stock of every kind. There is a demand for horses here, during the season, which is most imperfectly met. One needs only to watch the equipment of any mountain vehicle to see what a low standard of horseflesh prevails here. Vermont, with its horse-raising traditions, is close at hand, to be sure, but it can look southward for its market more hopefully than eastward. The mountain farmers are beginning to look to themselves to supply the need. As for neat cattle, I can find no indication that any serious competition with the great West is for the moment being thought of. Probably it will be necessary to wait until Western grazing has reached a lower margin of profit, a thing of not so many years yet, before this branch of industry will attain great proportions here.

Here are prospects sufficiently alluring, one would say, to change in the next generation the whole face of New Hampshire farming. It is not likely that city life will soon cease to exercise its baleful charm upon the rural population, but the more clearly the young man in the country can see before him a reasonable certainty of gain, and can be brought to understand that his farm-life has not to be led in quite the sordid conditions of his forefathers, the more successfully may this attraction be combated. The summer invasion is doing a grand work in producing new conditions under which New Hampshire farming may reassert itself. Along both the lines I have indicated, the profession of innkeeping and the supply of provisions needed by the innkeeper, there is abundant room for native tact to put itself into profitable exercise.

Let any clever son of the mountains take a run over to Switzerland, the Black Forest, and Tyrol, and he would find time and money well spent. He would discover a theory of innkeeping which regards it as a respectable profession, to be learned like any other, and he would perhaps overcome that view of the guest as an enemy which, with the best of intentions, the New Hampshire landlord has not yet got out of his creed. E. E.

NEW MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

LOCARNO, Sept. 3, 1891.

THE season of 1891 will be remembered in Switzerland as the poorest in a decade, if not in several decades. June, July, and August did not have more than half-a-dozen fine days each; consequently, crops are short or ruined, including even the wild berries. The poor guides and carriers, who rely on these three months for their whole year's support, are looking forward with their families to a winter of privation, while the tourists, a large proportion of whose time was limited, spent a comfortless week or two among the mountains without a ray of sunshine or a single glimpse of the famous snow peaks. September still remains, but comparatively few of the tourists seem to have discovered as yet that this month is, in Switzerland, almost always the finest in the year, with the largest number of clear days and the balmiest air. Those who have left this land of lakes and mountains, rain and clouds, without seeing any but the latter features, have this one consolation, that they would have been equally wet anywhere else; for, except in the extreme South, it has rained all over Europe as incessantly as in Switzerland—so incessantly that an English paper, a few days ago, had an editorial on "The Disappearance of Summer," with the semi-serious proposal that London should be roofed over and made independent of the sun and the weather by means of electric contrivances.

The general falling off in Swiss travel may be estimated from the fact that the receipts of the railway to the top of Mt. Pilatus during July were 20,000 francs less than in the same month last year, although that also had an unusually rainy season. Yet, instead of discouraging the Swiss, this climatic perversity seems only to stimulate them to renewed efforts to make their famous summer resorts easily accessible to foreign visitors. There is at present a regular "fad" for building mountain railways. The oldest of these, which lead up the Rigi from Vitznau and Arth, now seem quite simple and primitive compared with some that have been built within the last two or three years. Foremost among these is the railway which leads up the forbiddingly steep and bare sides of Pilatus; a reckless invitation, it would seem, to inevitable disaster, were it not that the car is so securely held between its granite substructure and its upper framework of steel and iron that accident is made almost impossible. In its way this road is no less remarkable than the St. Gothard Railway, with its ten-mile tunnel 3,000 feet below the summit of a mountain, and its curious loop-tunnels—strokes of engineering genius without which this railroad would have been impossible. The Pilatus road was finished only three years ago, and its success seems to have stimulated the forming of projects which will make it seem mere child's play in comparison. For Pilatus is only 6,998 feet high, while the summits of the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, and Mont Blanc, which it is now proposed to reach by rail, are respectively 13,670, 14,705, and 15,730 feet above sea level. It has been shown, theoretically, that such roads are not impossible, and the only question now is, whether they could be made remunerative, which seems doubtful, considering that the fares would have to be very high, and that the roads would be used only on clear days, which are becoming increasingly few and far between.

I have before me a pamphlet in which an attempt is made to prove the feasibility of a road leading up through the interior of the Jungfrau to its top. The author, Major E. Löcher, modestly calls his project only a "study," but he feels confident that all engineering, hygienic, and meteorological obstacles could be overcome. The roadbed would assume the shape of a double tunnel, while the cars would be supplied with ventilators and propelled by means of compressed air. The summit could thus be safely reached in fifteen minutes, instead of the present twelve hours of hard and perilous climbing; and a tourist could leave Lauterbrunnen half an hour before sunrise, enjoy that phenomenon on the snowy summit (which embraces a view of almost all the Swiss peaks), and return to his hotel in the valley in time for an early breakfast. Inasmuch as the car would be invisible on the outside, no one could complain of its spoiling the scenery, while the Queen of the Alps would be made accessible even to invalids (provided they have no heart disease), whereas at present she offers a welcome only to thorough Alpine experts. If the Jungfrau road is built, the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc projects will be dropped, as it would, of course, not pay to build more than one road of this kind.

If this scheme, and another almost equally daring one, should ever be carried

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out—and there are not a few who believe they will be—the village of Lauterbrunnen, at the foot of the famous Staubbach Fall, which, until last year, was accessible only by carriage, will be one of the most important railway centres in Switzerland, and certainly the most remarkable one in the world. The other project referred to is the building of a road across and through the mountain giants that lie between Interlaken and the Rhone Valley Railroad. At present the short distance between these points requires a two days' trip by carriage to Kandersteg, and on foot across the Gemmi Pass, delightful on a clear day, but dreadful in bad weather, and expensive to all but pedestrians; or else a simply absurd détour by rail via Bern and Lausanne, taking almost as long. The road in question would cover the distance in five or six hours.

Even without these two doubtful roads, Lauterbrunnen will soon be an important railway centre, for it was connected last year with Interlaken and Grindelwald, while a new mountain road up to Mürren was opened a few weeks ago; and next year still another mountain road, leading up from Lauterbrunnen to the Wengernalp and down on the other side to Grindelwald, is to be operated. The road from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen is an ingenious combination of the rack-and-pinion system with the ordinary adhesive system, the former being used only where there is a considerable rise, whereby much time is saved; and the transition from one system to the other is made without stopping. Much bolder, however, and more interesting, is the branch road which leads up to Mürren, 2,735 feet above Lauterbrunnen. This consists of two sections, the first being worked by a wire rope, which raises the car to a height of about 2,000 feet, at a gradient rising from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent.; while the second is an electric railway on the trolley system, which takes the passengers on slightly rising ground to the superbly situated Hôtel des Alpes. This is, I believe, the first electric railway ever built at a height approximating the top of Mount Washington. Coal being dear in Switzerland, and water-power superabundant (especially on this slope of *Lauterbrunnen—i. e.*, "nothing but springs"), this road can be run on very economic principles, the motive power being furnished by an upper section of the same brook which, leaping into the valley 980 feet, forms the Staubbach, or "dust-brook," falls. Inasmuch as even telegraph and telephone wires are interfered with by electric storms, it will be interesting to see how this electric mountain road will be affected by them.

There was a slight accident a few days before the line was opened to the public, the car in which the projector of the road, the engineer, and a few others were seated being thrown from the track; one man, who jumped overboard, struck a rock, and was slightly injured, while the others, who remained in the car, escaped with the shock. The accident was on the electric section, and was due to some miscalculation regarding the length of the cars and the curvature of the road. The cars were therefore discarded, and the shorter baggage-cars substituted pending the completion of new passenger cars; and so great is the confidence of the public in modern engineers that the very first trains were crowded to their utmost capacity, and have remained so ever since, many, indeed, being compelled to ride or walk for want of room. Thus it seems probable that Mürren, which has been hitherto visited by about 20,000 tourists every summer, will see double that number hereafter. To those who love quiet in a summer resort, the daily arrival of hundreds of tourists, to stay only a few hours, by the new railway will prove an annoyance; and there are not a few who object to mountain railways altogether as unæsthetic intruders into the sublime Alpine solitude. It is also a sad blow to the scores of carriers who have hitherto plied their trade between Lauterbrunnen and Mürren. Yet these men will find some other employment, and thank heaven for releasing them from a trade which is little removed from slavery. Carrying huge Saratoga trunks and heavy men and women up a steep mountain side, about 3,000 feet in two hours, is an occupation the injuriousness of which is proved by the fact that almost all these carriers are pale and age prematurely. The horses, too, will be glad to be released of the burden of carrying daily up this mountain provisions for 500 guests in the two large hotels. For tourists who do not walk, the expense has been greatly lowered. The round trip on the train costs six francs, and the baggage a franc or two, while the price of a horse for yourself, and another (or two men) for the baggage, is twenty-four francs each way, or almost five times as much. It is from the point of economy (of money and time) that tourists will most value the new mountain railroads.

Mürren, which Prof. Tyndall is said to have declared the finest spot in Switzerland, and which certainly has the grandest view of all places adapted for a longish stay (with the possible exception of the Riffelberg above Zermatt), has had special attention attracted to it this summer by the new railway and by the fact that Mr. Stanley had to prolong his stay there for two months on account of the accident to his leg. He slipped and broke his ankle—some say in making way for a lady on a narrow path, others in showing his nephew how to throw a javelin; so that at the very source of history it is sometimes difficult to obtain accurate facts. Mr. Stanley still had to be carried when he left, and during the two weeks that I was at the Hôtel des Alpes he came down stairs only once, on the occasion of a concert by hotel guests on behalf of the poor in Mürren—which, by the way, netted no less than 375 francs, a sum which, as the local pastor announced, was to be expended on a Christmas dinner for the poor, a Christmas tree, and (if aught remained) on warm clothes—a list which might be more sensibly reversed, for they are evidently in need of warm clothes, these poor peasants, whose winter fare consists chiefly of bread and cheese, while their scantily warmed houses are surrounded by walls of snow three to four feet deep, and the roofs are weighed down by huge bowlders, in evidence of the savageness of winter storms. A few francs might also have been reserved for a bath, which these peasants need very much, for they are horribly malodorous and uncleanly—the very antipodes of the "uncivilized" Japanese peasants.

I have spent parts of three summers at Mürren, and have always wondered why among the guests there are so few Americans. A glance at any page of the hotel-register shows that fully two-thirds of the tourists are English, and only about a tenth Americans, which is strange considering that here is some of the finest scenery in the world, with two of the best hotels in Switzerland, and prices only one-half those in American mountain hotels of the same class, so that one can save in a summer the expense of a trip to Europe. Americans have a way of flocking to a few places like Chamounix, Geneva, and Grindelwald, which do not compare with Mürren or Zermatt, where they are scarce. At Mürren they would see from their windows a complete semicircle of snow mountains, including the Wetterhorn, Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, Ebnefluh, Breithorn, Gspaltenhorn, etc., with ever new illuminations, pink sunsets, and a play of clouds above and below, almost as interesting as the peaks themselves. The same may be said of the snow-water brooks, the milky-way of glacier streams, and the numerous waterfalls visible from the very hotels. Some of these falls, on the massive sides of the Jungfrau, are temporary, lasting only during the continuance of a rain-storm on the vast mountain; one of these is divided into four falls of tremendous height, suggesting the Yosemite Falls, and is so fine as almost to reconcile one to a rainy day. There are even temporary snow peaks. On August 24 we had a snow-storm during the night, and in the morning the charm of the panoramic view was doubled by what a friend somewhat boldly called "a mushroom growth of snow peaks." It is, indeed, a source of constant wonder to me how much snow adds to the beauty and grandeur of mountains. It makes them not only seem larger, but more plastic in outline. The peaks towards Interlaken, which you had hardly glanced at before, gain from their temporary snow cover a beauty that makes them surprisiugly conspicuous and fascinating.

Twenty minutes below Mürren, in a meadow known as the Farnthal (a lovely site for some future hotel), one can also see the avalanches of snow and ice tumbling down the sides of the Jungfrau with a noise like that of artillery. A nearer and more imposing view of these is, however, obtained on the opposite mountain side, at the hotel on the Wengernalp, which faces the place where the avalanches fall down. It is a sublime spectacle to see these hundreds of tons of compressed snow becoming detached from the immeasurable snow fields, and tumbling down headlong over a precipice thousands of feet deep. Then the snow runs down in regular channels till it comes to another precipice, over which it tumbles again, looking very much like a large waterfall; and so on, all the way down to the very foot of the mountain.

Having got so far as this place, you will of course not return to Lauterbrunnen the same way, but go on to the top of the pass known as the Kleine Scheidegg, noting on the way how astoundingly the Jungfrau broadens and changes the aspect of its sides and the position of its peaks, the most conspicuous one being fortunately the aptly named Silberhorn, the most beautiful summit in the world, for it is round as a dome, and not a single bare rock spots the snowy continuity of its surface. Then, from the Scheidegg, you will walk down on the Grindelwald side, along the broadening side of the Eiger, a sheer black precipice of 13,000 feet. When you arrive at Grindelwald, you will wonder where that place got its extraordinary reputation. Everybody goes there, as a matter of course, and nowhere else are there so many Alpenhorn-blowers, yodlers, singing children, useless gate-openers, beggars, and other incarnate nuisances. Germans probably go there because it is in a *geschützte Lage*—that is, down in a hole, where there isn't a breath of fresh air (for the Germans are afraid of a "draught" even when they go to the Alps for an "air-cure"); but why all Americans should go there is a mystery to me, for the sole attraction of Grindelwald is a couple of dirty little glaciers which are mere pigmies compared to the Rhone Glacier on the Furka Pass—which no one can afford to miss—not to speak of the fourteen giant gla-

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ciers visible from the Gorner Grat above Zermatt.

The mention of Grindelwald and Zermatt reminds me that I have not by any means enumerated all the new mountain railroads in Switzerland. Zermatt, which, until this summer, was accessible only by a bridle-path, can now be reached from Visp in less than three hours, on a road combining the two systems, like the Interlaken-Lauterbrunnen road. During my stay at Mürren I daily heard the blasting on the road which is to connect Lauterbrunnen with Grindelwald via the Wengernalp. Then there is the road up the St. Beatenberg on the Lake of Thun, opened in 1889. A thousand men are at work on another one near Interlaken, up the Schynige-Platte; and still another is to be opened next year on the Brienzer Rothhorn; while further south, by the Swiss Italian lakes, Monte Generoso has been scaled since last year by a railway which opens such a superb view that Baedeker compares it to the Rigi, and has added a special panorama of it to his new edition. This view I have not seen, but expect to enjoy it in a few days, and in the meantime I hope, for the sake of the bold projectors and tourists who cannot walk, that there is no truth in the pessimistic predictions of those who declare this wholesale building of mountain railways a sort of "boom" which will soon end in a collapse.

HENRY T. FINCK.

THE THREE GERMAN LUXEMBOURGS.

MUNICH, September, 1891.

APPARENTLY modern German art at home enjoys a popularity no less great than its reputation abroad. In many German towns artists are sumptuously established in gorgeous *Künstlerhäuser;* in many more they annually hold small local or large national and international exhibitions. In State and public alike they have, it would seem, found profitable patrons.

The pictures they are exhibiting this summer may account for their popularity, but hardly for their reputation. In Berlin and Munich, in Stuttgart and Nuremberg, in shows small and great, I have been struck with the absence of interest in the subjects selected and methods employed by painters, with the dispiriting dulness of the collections as a whole, though here and there a canvas by Arnold Böcklin or Franz Stuck, by Von Uhde or Liebermann, has served as a cheerful antidote. The group of artists who some fifteen years ago came back from the German schools to infuse new life into painting and illustration in America have given Americans a very high opinion of the art of modern Germany—an opinion not to be arbitrarily reversed because one year's exhibitions fail to support it. German artists no doubt have their own substitute for the London fog to explain a year's failure. But in the three German national galleries of modern art, in the three German Luxembourgs, at Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, a fair idea should be formed of the work that has been done of late years in Germany, or at least of that which the Germans themselves think worth honoring by a place in their permanent collections. Certainly in the Paris Luxembourg are to be seen the best examples of the greatest artists in France.

To the imperial capital one naturally turns first. In art, as in politics and social life, Berlin should be to Germany as London is to England, Paris to France. And in Berlin evidently no effort has been spared to treat the modern artist with every distinction. It is but thirty years since the bequest of Herr Wagener served as foundation to the present collection, but the modern pictures have for almost as long been hung in a fine building of their own, more pretentious, perhaps, than artistic in its architecture, like so many other modern German buildings, and have been carefully catalogued by a system more elaborate than lucid, of which I hope to have something to say another time. The galleries are well lighted, and their division into comparatively small cabinets is restful and agreeable, or would be if one cared to look at the limited number of pictures which each contains. But to make the rounds of all is as dreary a function as to go through a Royal Academy.

If in recent times great pictures have been painted in Germany, only too few have found their way into the Berlin National Gallery. The royal portraits and allegories, here as elsewhere, one accepts as painful necessities, below or above criticism. But without considering these, the walls reveal a tendency on the part of the German artist to turn out innumerable battle scenes in which Frenchmen ever figure as so many demons, but which are without the action and power a De Neuville or a Detaille could give to the subject, without the decorative treatment which, with the old men, made up in a measure for want of realism; to tell anecdotes in paint and with a degree of sentiment which would put an English Burton Barber or an American J. G. Brown to the blush; to paint landscapes as devoid of light and atmosphere as if Constable and Corot and Monet had never been, and portraits as lifeless as those that annually adorn the walls of Burlington House. And the worst of it is that on many canvases are well-known names, reverenced as the most eminent in the modern German art world—Kaulbach and Lessing, Meyerheim and Achenbach, Defregger and Feuerbach.

Not on the work which is here to represent them permanently can their reputation rest. Either their fame was, or is, the mere outcome of a passing fad or fancy, or else the directors of the National Gallery have done their utmost to belittle it. A more unpardonable error of judgment, because more obviously absurd, is the covering the walls of three or four large galleries with the Cornelius and Overbeck and Alfred Rethel cartoons, which could be of no possible service to any one unless they were turned the other side out and used as wall paper. The only people who are interested in such productions are the compilers of guide-books and art-histories. To this general rule of uninteresting work, of course, there are very notable exceptions—enough, perhaps, to fill one room. Every true lover of art would travel far to see Menzel's "Modern Cyclops," the most successful picture of an artist who is really greater as a draughtsman than as a painter, though, but for his name, one would not give a second glance to his three other pictures included in the collection. The examples of Diez, Von Uhde, Liebermann, Hans Makart (the "Catherine Cornaro" exhibited in the United States), Brozik, Schuch, and above all of Arnold Böcklin, are as fine and as characteristic as they ought to be. But the treatment of the last is a curious comment upon the policy of the directors. Böcklin, though a Swiss by birth, has identified himself with the South German group of artists. Therefore, in the North German galleries his "Fields of the Blessed," a marvellously brilliant work by one of the most brilliant among contemporary painters, has been skied, while another picture by him, an entombment, is hidden away in a small cabinet, a species of art rubbish-hole, to which the public is not admitted, while the directors decide whether they can overcome their petty prejudices and jealousies and give it the conspicuous place on the walls which it deserves. But for the kindness of the head of one of the departments, who realized how much interested I was in Böcklin, I should never have seen it or, indeed, have known of its presence in the gallery. The favoritism which prevails in Berlin, since it shields itself under a national guise, leads to more serious consequences than in England, where hitherto it has been confined to a close corporation like the Royal Academy.

Even allowing for this favoritism, it is not easy to understand the commonplaceness of the sculpture, since it is in sculpture that the German artist of to-day excels. The inadequacy of the National Gallery in this respect is keenly felt just now when at the Berlin International Exhibition German sculptors are making such an unusually strong showing. It seems as if the directors, or selecting committee, must have gone out of their way to secure what was least striking in the sculptor's studio. Equally difficult of explanation would be the failure of the drawings and engravings to represent modern German illustration, were not illustration an art which in its modern development has nowhere received the official national recognition its healthy popularity demands for it. Thousands of marks have been spent upon the drawings of Adolf Menzel, and of these more than a thousand are now owned by the Gallery. That honor should be shown to one of the greatest masters of modern illustration, I would be the last to dispute. Nor would I question the value of gathering together, as has been done here, as many drawings by Max Klinger as possible, for each is a marvel of technique and style and fancy as wild as Böcklin's. But it must be admitted that one-half the Menzels would have sufficed, many being of no special importance. The money could have been more usefully devoted to examples of Diez and Leibl and the younger draughtsmen who, after Menzel, have made the illustrated books and papers of Germany what they are and have given such an impetus to the illustrators of other countries. But the names of these younger men appear to be unknown to the officials in charge.

At Dresden, matters are not much better or very differently ordered. The modern division of the Royal Gallery there dates back twenty years earlier (1843) than the Berlin collection. But from the beginning it suffered from the generosity of men with less knowledge of art than money to spend on it, or else with greater eagerness for their own self-glorification than for the benefit of the institution they endowed. Like Mr. Tait in England, they presented their pictures to the nation; with the results of private benevolence now to be seen in Dresden, the wisdom of the English Government in refusing Mr. Tait's gift for the National Gallery, and their folly in accepting it as the nucleus of an English Luxembourg, must be more than ever realized. The average in Dresden is not higher than in Berlin, nor is the number of masterpieces greater. Herr Karl Woermann, director and compiler of the Catalogue, boasts that during the last ten years pictures have been added to the modern department which now make it rival in attraction the older portion. But the disinterested visitor can scarcely reëcho his enthusiasm. It is true that the "Crucifixion" by Munkacsy is as worthy of a crowd of worshippers, though fashion has not yet made it a show picture for

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the tourist, like the Sistine Madonna, before which the faithful readers of Baedeker for ever sit in awe-struck ignorance.

It is also true that Böcklin and Leibl are well represented, that Andreas Achenbach shows to far better advantage than at Berlin, that Kaulbach's artificial composition rises to the highest degree of monumental and magnificent superficiality, and that of these men, Ferdinand Keller, Carl Ludwig, and a few others, there is sufficient work to form a good, if very small, collection. But what is to be said of the rest—of the inane anecdotes, the inanimate portraits, the flat landscapes? Not even Hans Makart, though as lavish with his canvas as usual, has here the decorative quality which makes him in his most successful efforts the Veronese of his day. And if one recognizes the originals of certain popular engravings—the "Child Jesus in the Temple," by Hofmann, the "Rope Dancer's Life before and behind the Scenes," by Ludwig Knaus, for example—it is but to wonder why, as too often with English work, the reproductions in black and white are so much better. The pictures at Berlin and Dresden alike do but confirm the impression given by this year's exhibitions. The gallery of engravings and drawings is not more satisfactory. There are tons of rubbish, the sweepings, probably, of the studios at the time of the formation of the gallery; but of the original work now being done which is of real value to the draughtsman, there is but little. The student interested in contemporary illustration could pass by Dresden and lose nothing.

Berlin may be the capital of the empire, but Munich, as any art student will tell you, is its true artistic centre. There one would look for better things, and there, I must confess, one finds them. Good work is still the exception even at the New Pinakothek or Bavarian Luxembourg. In room after room the walls are hung with hopeless trash which would be rejected with contempt by an impartial hanging committee, even in London. One would not stop to look at it or to consider it if its presence in such a collection were not so glaring an impertinence. It is no exaggeration to say that fully two-thirds of the canvases could be thrown away without compunction; while it is almost impossible to believe that any one but a Barnum or the superintendent of a Sunday-school festival could have taken seriously the Greek landscapes by Karl Rottman, to which a special gallery has been devoted. But, after all, the proportion of good work is greater than in the Saxon and Prussian galleries. Care and thought have been given to the selection of examples of painters of note. If Menzel has been entirely ignored, which seems (though there may be better reasons) but the result of small squabbling between north and south, on the other hand full justice is done to Feuerbach and Piloty, Albert Keller and Gabriel Max, so that how they came by their reputation no longer remains a problem; a portrait of Bismarck leaves no doubt as to the strength of Lenbach; two panels by Makart confirm his fame as a decorative painter; and Böcklin is, if possible, more than ever to the fore.

But it is in the latest acquisitions that the directors show they are beginning to understand the duties of their office to mean something more than the buying or accepting any chance pictures that come in their way. There is a growing tendency to dispense with trash, to recognize the talent of younger men, and to include only what is fairly and creditably representative. The fine canvases by Leibl, Von Uhde, and Liebermann, Robert Haug and Karl Albrecht are all recent additions. Moreover, as in the Paris Luxembourg, space is found for distinguished foreigners; Munich in this particular proving far broader than Paris, where the Luxembourg is solely for Frenchmen and residents of Paris. Dagnan-Bouveret and Boldini, Mauve, the Belgian Courtens—painters as little appreciated at home as the Scotchmen, John Reid and John Lavery—are among those who have already been included in the New Pinakothek. Altogether, when the weeding-out process begins, as begin it must, in the three German Luxembourgs, it will be least wholesale in Munich. In the department of modern drawings, however, everything remains to be done. A few rough notes by Böcklin, probably odd leaves torn from his sketch-book and almost too trivial for State preservation, are all that could detain the art student. There is absolutely none of the black-and-white work that should by rights be there. To learn what the black-and-white men of Germany are now doing, it is not to Old or New Pinakothek you must go, but to the office of *Fliegende Blätter*.

It is, I know, inevitable in collecting modern pictures that some mistakes should be made. Passing fancy or fashion often gives prominence to a painter destined to be forgotten by after generations; the very healthiness of a reaction against old conventions may lead to extremes the value of which is purely negative and, therefore, temporary. But this alone cannot explain the aggressive defects in these three great galleries. There is no doubt that many of their shortcomings may be attributed, first of all, to the ignorance of directors, who, as a rule, are not artists, and in the selection of modern work have not tradition to guide them, or, at least, to back up their selection; and, next, to the impossibility of one country nowadays supporting three large art centres. Germany really shows the danger we should run if each of our principal States tried to set up a little Luxembourg of its own—if the good examples of American artists were scattered in rival would-be national galleries in New York and Boston, Washington and Chicago. If we are ever to have a valuable and representative collection, one town, no matter which, must be accepted as the national art centre. But the German galleries also emphasize the absurdity of limiting such a collection to the productions of native artists. The only permanent exhibition of modern pictures worth establishing is one to which the painters of the world, whether American or European, should be asked to contribute. France escapes the evil into which Germany has fallen, since, though almost all the leading French provincial towns have galleries, and very good some of them are, only the Luxembourg in Paris is accepted as the central national collection. English art likewise, even if it has only escaped this Scylla to be wrecked upon a worse Charybdis, has its national headquarters in London, and the Liverpool and Manchester permanent exhibitions, like those of Lyons and Toulouse, are looked upon as wholly provincial.

But it would be difficult to make Germans agree upon the national supremacy of Berlin, or Dresden, or Munich. Pictures which, if collected together, would make a fairly good show, though one not to be compared to the Paris Luxembourg, are now divided among three institutions. Unfortunately, directors would rather cover their walls with acres of paint and canvas that cannot by courtesy be called art than leave them decently bare. Despite the number of pictures bought every year by the State, France has shown her good sense by reserving only the best and the most typical for the Luxembourg. But in this respect England is now following the lead of Germany. Just as the National Gallery is laboring hard to get rid of its valueless purchases and gifts, the English Luxembourg, the building for which will shortly be erected in South Kensington, begins its career by accepting from Mr. Tait all the paintings he chooses to bestow upon it, good and bad—a tribute to his cleverness in carrying his point rather than to the nation's shrewdness. However, that which gives one least hope for the needed reforms in the German galleries is the wretched favoritism from which the art world is no more free than the social or political. It is the old story—the story told of the State purchase of pictures at the Salon, of the use made of the Chantry Bequest fund by the Royal Academy trustees. Northern and southern German artists are continually bickering, and their childish squabbles, their prejudices and preferences, rather than the quality of their work, open or shut the doors of the galleries against them. Indeed, private patronage at times has proved much more reliable than State recognition, and the finest examples of many painters have found their way into private collections.

That the German Luxembourgs fall so far short of fulfilling the end for which they were instituted is the more deplorable because their management is in most respects admirable. The attendants are unusually intelligent, while the heads of the various departments are ready to render every possible service to the student. Upon mere application and without restriction, drawings are shown to a stranger, who in the British Museum for a similar privilege probably would be asked for a reference, and then carefully superintended. If only the choice of paintings and drawings was as excellent as the organization of the staff in charge of them, then the German would be the ideal Luxembourg. N. N.

Correspondence.

OUR COAL SUPPLY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to the interesting paper of Prof. G. Frederick Wright in the *Nation* of September 10, 1891, entitled "England's Coal Supply," in which the quantity now remaining in that country, exclusive of the insufficiently authenticated "southeastern field," is estimated at little over fifty years' consumption, it is pertinent for Americans to remember that the excessive estimates of duration by the Royal Commission (of 1866?) erred not so much by misconception of areas and contents as by failure to foresee the astonishing rate of acceleration in consumption.

On the other hand, while we in the United States have the advantage of twenty-five years' additional observation of the ever-increasing rate of consumption—which increase has averaged not far from 10 per cent. per annum, compounding annually—we still lack precise information respecting area, thickness, and quantity. The census reports of 1890, though abounding in voluminous figures concerning production, price, cost, capital and hands employed, and other details already familiar to those interested in the subject, seem, as far as published, to afford little new light on the essential elements of the calculation for duration. In the absence of sufficiently precise knowledge on those points, one is driven to hypothetic estimates which can

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at present be little better than intelligent guesses, useful rather for directing the attention of better-informed and more competent inquirers to the subject than as final calculations.

If we assume that the United States contain—including all tertiary and other deposits posterior to those of the carboniferous period—150,000 square miles, or 96,000,000 acres of coal territory on which the minable coal, ranging from one to sixty feet in thickness, averages eight feet throughout, the entire tonnage of removable coal would be about 768,000 million tons, which is probably a large over-estimate. Taking the present annual production at 130 million tons, with an annual compounding increase of 10 per cent. (the actual rate) for the next twenty-five years; of 5 per cent. for the next fifty years thereafter; and of 3 per cent. for the twenty-five years following, the aggregate consumption by the end of one hundred years, *i. e.*, by A. D. 1991, will have been 840,000 million tons, a quantity exceeding, or at least approaching, exhaustion.

Of course, the above is the merest approximation, since of the three principal elements of the calculation, all are as yet enveloped in doubt. We have not a precise knowledge of the carboniferous area, and there are even less reliable data for estimating its average thickness. Still more uncertain is the future rate of increase in consumption. We, however, know nearly what it has averaged during two generations past, and there seems little reason to doubt that the existing rate of increase will be maintained until artificial power shall have been applied to nearly all the work of a population whose necessities and luxuries tend to augment even faster than its numbers, and can have no limits but the final barriers of human knowledge, if any such exist. The exhaustion that must at some time be reached of the diminishing accumulations of mineral oil and gas, and even the growing use of electricity and water gas—as those commodities are now produced—must tend to a still more rapid consumption of fuel, since these but change the form of application of power obtained only by its combustion, with considerable loss of power in the conversion.

It is therefore only the most tentative estimates that can now be ventured respecting the quantity and duration of American coal, but this initial attempt may at least serve to attract attention to what, in the absence of some new conquest over Nature, is likely to become a subject of universal interest before the expiration of some lives already in existence.

I. J. Wistar.

Philadelphia, September 16, 1891.

"BEEN" AND "GOTTEN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to your remarks, in a recent review, about the pronunciation of the word *been*, let me ask whether the prevailing American usage be not a survival of what was common in England two or three centuries ago. The present English pronunciation was adopted, probably, gradually. Pope makes *been* rhyme with *sin* about half the time, but I think no English poet of the nineteenth century rhymes it with anything but *seen*. Is not this a fair proof of present English use? For it is well known that the license in the matter of rhymes once allowed to English poets is much restricted, perhaps confined to certain common words with few or no perfect rhymes.

The American use of *gotten*, as the past participle of *get*, is harder to explain. In England it would be considered as much an archaism as *holpen* or *washen*, and in modern English books occurs only as representing rustic speech. In America, it does not seem to be one of the numerous survivals, for it is heard not so much among the uneducated as among certain persons who are careful in their language, and who seem to use the word with some effort.—Yours respectfully, X.

Philadelphia, September 14, 1891.

Notes.

Thomas Whittaker is soon to publish 'The Church in Nova Scotia and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution,' by Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

D. Appleton's fall announcements include *éditions de luxe* of Jules Breton's 'Life of an Artist' and 'The Story of My House,' by George H. Ellwanger; a large-paper edition, of one hundred numbered copies only, of Bancroft's 'History of the United States,' in six volumes, with a portrait; 'The Tragedy of Ida Noble,' by W. Clark Russell; three translations of examples of modern Dutch fiction ('Eline Vere,' 'Footsteps of Fate,' and 'Avenged'); illustrated juveniles by Octave Thanet, William O. Stoddard, Molly Elliot Seawell, and others; Père Didon's 'Life of Christ'; the third volume of Prof. J. B. McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States'; 'Man and the Glacial Period,' by G. Frederick Wright; 'The Courses of Study for Schools and Colleges,' by W. T. Harris; and 'The Dog in Health and Disease,' by Wesley Mills.

The Scribners are to issue a series of University Extension Manuals, the volumes announced to lead off being 'The Use and Abuse of Money,' by Dr. W. Cunningham, and 'The Fine Arts,' by G. B. Brown.

A new novel by Grant Allen, 'Recalled to Life,' is soon to be published by Henry Holt & Co.

Additional fall announcements by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. promise Prof. C. E. Norton's translation of Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' in three volumes; 'Vermont' and 'New Jersey' in the American Commonwealths Series; 'Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills,' by Rose Terry Cooke; 'Masks, Heads, and Faces,' by Ellen Russell Emerson; 'Colonial Furniture of New England,' by Irving Whitall Lyon; Edward Robinson's 'Catalogue of Casts' of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; 'The Silva of North America,' vol. iii., by Charles S. Sargent; 'William Gilmore Simms,' by Prof. William P. Trent (vol. xii. in the American Men of Letters Series); a new edition, more attractively bound, of a charming story for children, 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin; and Mr. Justin Winsor's long-expected and very timely book, 'Christopher Columbus.'

Two Scottish works, 'Auld Scots Humor' and 'Auld Scots Ballads,' are soon to issue from the press of J. G. Cupples, Boston. The same publisher has in preparation a Life of Paul Revere, by E. H. Goss.

A second edition of Dr. Benjamin Rand's 'Selections Illustrating Economic History since the Seven Years' War' will soon be published. The work is used at Harvard and some other American universities as a text-book of required reading to accompany courses of lectures on economic history. The second edition will be much enlarged, containing several new chapters on such subjects as land tenure, transportation, progress in trade and industry, navigation acts, industrial development of the United States, etc. This new edition will be published early in October.

A 'Hand-book of Industrial Organic Chemistry,' by Prof. Samuel P. Sadtler, is about to issue from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co. Full bibliographical lists are promised for each chapter, with many illustrative cuts of apparatus, etc.

The young women publishers of Chicago—the Misses Searle and Gorton—announce several booklets for children, among which we mention 'Our Dumb Friends,' 'Mother Goose's Christmas Party,' and 'How the Rose Found the King's Daughter.'

A fifth volume of Mr. William Archer's edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas has appeared this fall; it contains "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," and the editor's own translation of "Hedda Gabler." About the same time has been published 'The Quintessence of Ibsenism,' by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, the author of that most unconventional of English novels, 'Cashel Byron's Profession.' Another British novelist, Mr. D. Christie Murray, has recently been writing to the London *Times*, declaring fervently that no possible temptation shall ever make him swerve from the straight path of English morality into indecent byways of Ibsenism.

The interesting announcement is made that Mr. Pinches is to write a series of articles for the *Expository Times* on the Old Testament and the cuneiform inscriptions. The whole field of discovery in this department is to be traversed, Schrader's work being taken as the basis; the corrections and additions made necessary by new material will be noticed in their places. Prof. Sayce, who cordially commends the undertaking, is himself to write for the same journal several papers on the higher criticism and the monuments.

Nine of the articles which Agnes Repplier has printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* and elsewhere are collected in book form under the title 'Points of View' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author's unconventional and witty handling of her topics, mostly literary and critical, strikes one afresh in this massing of scattered writings.

Mr. Theodore Graham Gribble, an English civil engineer, is the author of 'Preliminary Survey and Estimates' (Longmans, Green & Co.), containing about one-half as much matter as Johnson's or Gillespie's 'Surveying.' It is one of the most straightforward, clear, and practical works of its class ever written. Mr. Gribble received what in England is considered a first-class education in surveying and engineering, and then sought his fortune in the colonies. He found employment on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and soon came to the conclusion, which subsequent wide experience confirmed, that the English engineer was "educated as much as possible in things he *could not* use, and as little as possible in things which *would* be needed by him in a new country." The belief that an English engineer who has had no experience out of England, is "no good" in a new country, is one long entertained by American engineers, but we have never seen it or heard it expressed with such emphasis and in such various forms as by Mr. Gribble. The object of a "preliminary survey," more especially for a railway, is to determine, among other things, whether any kind of line is feasible; whether it is likely to be profitable; what type of railway would be most suitable and what style of rolling-stock; and to obtain the data for a plan, profile, and estimate of one or more routes which the surveyor considers eligible. Upon all these matters and many others mentioned by Mr. Gribble the engineer must report to his

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employers. Of course work of this sort is given only to engineers of experience, and it is for such primarily that the book was written; but it will be found interesting and instructive to every one who is, or intends to become, an engineer.

John Wiley & Sons have just issued the seventh edition of 'Theory and Practice of Surveying,' by J. B. Johnson, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. It is but a little more than four years since this large, elaborate, and consequently costly work was first issued, and in that short time six editions have been exhausted. Yet it never sacrifices one jot or tittle of theoretical completeness and accuracy, nor makes any concessions to the ignorance of those who endeavor to practise a profession for which they lack the necessary preliminary training. The author has striven after perfection, not popularity. Moreover, the work was launched upon a market already supplied and to be supplied with first-rate rivals, such as Gillespie's two admirable volumes and the excellent work on 'Plane-Surveying' by Prof. Carhart of the Western University of Pennsylvania. The appearance within less than five years of a revised and enlarged seventh edition of Johnson's work, in the face of such competition, renders all detailed criticism unnecessary.

A new quiz book for medical students is published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philaphia, comprising some 3,000 questions arranged for self-examination and with proper references to standard works. The same firm brings out a third edition, revised and enlarged, of Prof. Louis Starr's successful 'Hygiene of the Nursery.'

M. Hugues de Roux, one of the most facile of the younger Parisian journalists, has recently gathered into a volume, 'Portraits de Cire' (Paris: Lecène, Oudin & Cie.; New York: F. W. Christern), a score or more of semi-critical, semi-gossiping personal articles. The most interesting are those devoted to M. Jules Lemaitre, one of whose pupils M. Le Roux was when the author of 'Les Contemporains' was still a professor of literature, and to M. Melchior de Vogüé, to whom the younger generation of French authors is deeply indebted for the opening of new horizons. The sketches of the late Jules Garnier, the illustrator of Rabelais, and of M. Jules Cheret, the inventor of the brilliant lithographic "poster," are also noteworthy.

It is not a bad thing to be reminded now and then that no literary phenomenon, however trifling, is ever strictly local in its manifestation. No literary "movement" was ever slighter than the Young Englandism that Thackeray laughed at in 'Jeames's Diary,' and none was ever more completely forgotten. It may be doubted whether the Duke of Rutland himself remembers more than one couplet of Lord John Manners's verses. But the death of Oscar von Redwitz, which has just occurred, brings back to memory the fact that Germany had, simultaneously with England, a touch of the same stained-glass romanticism. Von Redwitz's name was at one time almost famous. He published in 1849 a mediæval poem, "Amaranth," which ran through forty or fifty editions. In smooth and agreeable verse, of pleasing rhythm, he sang of Gothic castles and chivalry and ladies and knights, quite after the fashion of Thackeray's young Lord Southdown. But the brief moment passed, and he lost at once his hold on the public. Though continuing to write for many years, he never regained it. Then he retired, and was only to be seen now and then at literary gatherings, an old man, kindly to the young, and fond of telling the story of a student duel in which he got the great scar that marked his face. He went to his grave (as the *Revue Bleue* says) "forgotten, misunderstood, old before his time." His fate seems not less but more pathetic by reason of the worthlessness of his work.

Parliamentary Paper C. 6366, 1891, 'Report by Mr. C. W. Campbell of a Journey in North Corea' in 1889, gives singular proof of that untiring energy, love of exploration, and devotion to service which so much characterizes the Foreign Civil Service of the British Empire, and which has made that Empire the success which it is. It is seldom that "Her Majesty" ever presents to "Both Houses of Parliament" a more interesting document, and ninepence would be much better spent upon it than upon most books of adventure and summer reading. It is not every civil-servant that feels inclined to spend his time in exploring an unknown country. Corea is shown to be naturally rich and fertile, but cursed with an imbecile government and inhabited by a supine population. Upon the whole, Mr. Campbell carries away a kindly feeling towards the inhabitants, although upon one occasion he was roughly handled. It is not usual to find people in the Corean stage of development so appreciative of fine scenery. "Manchester goods" have already established a firm hold on the markets of the country. Large districts are undoubtedly rich in gold. Money goes far: we are told of a perpetual shooting right over ninety square miles of land being sold for $1.50. The narrative is simple, straightforward, and unaffected.

Under the title of 'The Karankawa Indians of Texas,' the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, Mass., has published an account of this people, together with a short vocabulary of their language. It was prepared by Albert S. Gatschet of the Bureau of Ethnology, and is based upon the early records and the recollections of Mrs. Alice W. Oliver of Lynn, Mass. This lady lived, for some years subsequent to 1838, on the shores of Matagorda Bay, and it was at this time and while the Indians still frequented the spot that she learned to speak their language. As the tribe has become extinct and Mrs. Oliver herself has lately passed away, it is not probable that we shall ever know any more about the matter than is here set forth. This, unfortunately, is very little; for, aside from what Joutel tells us of their manners and customs, our knowledge may be summed up in the fact that their language was allied to that of the Tonkaway, and to the dialects spoken by some of the tribes called by Mr. Gatschet the Pakawa, who lived on the lower Rio Grande.

The first number of a new monthly, the *Charities Review*, is announced to appear on November 1. It is to be devoted to the discussion of social questions, and particularly the organization of charity. It will be published by the *Critic* Co.

An article on our new international copyright law in the *Revue Bleue* of September 5 gives a sufficiently adequate account of that measure, with its deficiencies, but rather ludicrously assigns a large share of the credit of securing its enactment to French initiative. After giving an account of the successive triumphs won by France, "le pays, par excellence, de la production littéraire et artistique," in her endeavors to lead the nations to the due recognition of the rights of authors, the author, M. de Varigny, adds, "restait à y amener les États-Unis." The thing was mostly done by M. de Kératry, we are told, though it is conceded that he was "puissamment secondé" by the Literary and Artistic Association (of Paris), the Minister for Foreign Affairs (of France), and his agent (the French Minister) at Washington, and—gracious recognition of the legislative body swayed by the Count—the "sense of fairness of the United States Congress."

The last Bulletin of the French Geographical Society contains an interesting account of the French Sudan by Lieut.-Col. Humbert. Little attention is paid to the physical features of the country, but the people, their modes of life, their religion, and relations to the French are described briefly, yet carefully and clearly. The slave-trade is prohibited, but domestic slavery is not interfered with, though free villages have been established for the reception of runaway slaves. Here, if they are not claimed by their masters within a certain time, they receive a house with a piece of land to cultivate, and after a probation of three months are declared free men. The French occupying force, consisting of 350 Europeans and 900 blacks, garrison fifteen posts about one hundred kilometres (sixty-two miles) apart, but they are regarded as far too few for the proper defence of the country and the development of its commerce. The present situation is summed up as follows: "The French Sudan is scantily populated; there are few ways of communication; peace is not absolutely established; our organization is not yet complete." The author very strenuously advocates the completion of the railway connecting Senegal with the Niger. Two lines of different gauges, 172 kilometres long, are now built, leaving 348 kilometres to be constructed. This road, he thinks, should take precedence of the now popular scheme of building a railway across the Sahara.

Mr. Alfred B. Westrup writes us that the paper of which he is the editor, the *Auditor*, is not "an Alliance newspaper," as we supposed, but "an independent journal devoted exclusively to the money question."

—The Atlas belonging to Humann-Puchstein's 'Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien' (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer) contains three maps by Kiepert and fifty-three plates, illustrating subjects widely separate in both time and locality. Nine plates illustrate the Hittite rock-sculptures of Boghazkieni and Öyük, while six are devoted to Hittite monuments of northern Syria at Sendjirli, Saktchegözü, and Marash; twenty-two plates depict the ruins around the tumulus-grave of Antiochos I., King of Kommagene, on the summit of Nemrud Dagh in the extreme northeastern corner of Syria, while seven others represent monuments at various places in Kommagene, all belonging to the reign of Antiochos; three plates show us a Roman bridge at Kiakhta in northern Syria, and, lastly, six plates refer to modern Turkey. This Antiochos I. of Kommagene, who built his tomb on the summit of the highest mountain in his kingdom, and adorned it, in truly regal fashion, with portraits of the gods and his hero-ancestors, could boast both of royal Persian and royal Hellenic descent. In the long inscriptions he gives his own family tree, in which, through Rhodogune, the Persian princess, he traces his origin back sixteen generations to Darius Hystaspis, while, through Laodike, the Syrian princess and daughter of Antiochos VIII. of Syria, he *claims* descent from Alexander the Great. Interesting to Hellenists is the fact that our Antiochos is a lineal descendant of the Orontes whom Xenophon mentions as satrap of Armenia, who, by virtue of having married into the royal house, bequeathed his satrapy to his descendants for

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ever. Indeed, the Kommagenian dynasty can now be traced through a period of seven centuries.

—One of the most curious and interesting discoveries on Nemrud Dagh was that depicted on plate xl., being the horoscope of Antiochos. We see there in high relief the picture of a colossal lion, from whose neck hangs suspended a crescent moon. The body of the lion is bestrewn with eight-rayed stars, while in the background are seen three sixteen-rayed stars, bearing the names of Mars, Mercury, and Jupiter. Plainly the relief has an astrological meaning, and informs us that when Antiochos was conceived, the sign of the lion rose, and that at the same time the Moon, Mars, Mercury, and Jupiter stood in the sign of the lion. Prof. Tietjen of Berlin caused the time of the constellation to be reckoned by Paul Lehmann, who found that the day referred to by the relief was the 17th of July in the year 98 B. C. Now Antiochos states in his inscription that he was a seven months' child, and so this would throw his birth into the beginning of the year 97 B. C., a date which corresponds well with what is known of the king in history. Such a constellation was called *royal* by the astrologers, since he who fulfilled the conditions must needs become king.

—The extraordinary and varied productiveness of some of the younger French scholars of the present generation calls to mind the wonderful days of the Estiennes and Scaligers. M. Salomon Reinach, for example, is already known as the author of valuable works on philosophy, Latin grammar, Greek epigraphy, classical archæology, and also as the editor of not a few monumental publications relating to Greek and Roman antiquity. To this list he now adds 'Chroniques d'Orient' (Paris: Firmin-Didot), a bulky volume of nearly eight hundred pages, consisting mainly of reprints of reports which appeared from his hand in the *Revue Archéologique* upon excavations and discoveries in Greek lands between 1883 and 1890, together with several articles upon like topics, also written by the author for various periodicals. The value of the original reports is greatly enhanced, not only by the index of fifty pages—with hardly less than ten thousand references—but also by the addition of many foot-notes, in which the information given in the text is brought to date and attention is called to recent literature. These 'Chroniques,' at first little more than meagre reports of recent finds, gradually became a complete repertory of information not alone upon these matters, but also upon the substance of the more important articles and minor publications upon Greek archæological discoveries, as they were issued; upon bibliography in general, and upon the acquisitions of museums. Though the last seven years have not been signalized by campaigns as brilliant or as extensive as those of the former decade—which saw the excavation of Olympia, Pergamon, Delos, Dodona, Myrina—they have yet afforded much that is highly important—innumerable minor discoveries at various points, not to dwell on the light shed upon Greek art under the Peisistratidae by the excavations upon the Acropolis of Athens since 1886, nor upon the results of the work at Epidaurus, Cyprus, Icaria, and elsewhere, interesting from more than one point of view. Of all these later discoveries this volume contains a well-digested record, always presented attractively and often very fully. The author has his aversions and does not conceal them. The articles, printed here as appendices, on the so-called "Asiatic terracottas"—as a rule, forgeries made in Athens, probably by Italian artists—are interesting reading. M. Reinach's warnings are needed. For, although archæologists are in the main of one mind on the matter, they are not outspoken, and, as a result of this apathy, the forgers and the dealers in these figurines continue their corrupt practices upon a public still reluctant to be undeceived. This handsome volume—with its convenient index to an important part of the unindexed *Revue Archéologique*—will be a boon to many a library, and not least to the increasing number of persons who wish to keep themselves informed as to what has lately been done and is now doing in archæological research in Greece and in the Hellenic Orient.

—A grievous loss has befallen the native community of Calcutta in the death, on the 29th of July, at the age of seventy, of the most eminent and enlightened of its scholars and one of the foremost of its philanthropists, Pandit Iswarachandra Vidyasagara. Learned, liberal, conciliating, and modest, the Pandit was in equal measure revered by his own people and respected by all Englishmen and Americans with whom he was brought into contact. Of his sterling merits, whether as a man, as an educationist, or as a writer and editor, anything like full particulars would be out of place in our columns. Nor can more than brief reference here be made to the demonstrations of regret which followed the announcement of his decease. A single one may, however, be mentioned. As he was a Brahmin, some of the pupils of his own school evinced their sense of bereavement, inappropriately enough, though from laudable motives, by resolving to go barefoot for ten days; this being, among Hindus of sacred rank, the manner of mourning for their near kindred. Born of parents far from wealthy, the Pandit, utilizing a sound education of the old stamp and improving on it with prescient sagacity, succeeded in raising himself, by energy and perseverance, both to material prosperity and to such fame as few of his countrymen have, in later times, achieved. Alike theoretically and practically a devoted friend of female education, he established no fewer than forty schools for native girls, to the support of which he contributed with his habitual munificence. In him the remarriage of widows also had a strenuous advocate; and it was mainly owing to his exertions that the Indian Government was induced, in 1856, to pass an act by which the sons of married Hindu widows are entitled to inherit property. Of his various publications, the high value is recognized by all competent judges; and, by general acknowledgment, his mother tongue is indebted to him in no small degree for its present expansion, purity, and elegance. For independence of character, for moral excellence of every description, and especially for humanity and beneficence, one could not, by all accounts, award him praise exceeding his deserts. That, in his latter years, he withdrew himself a good deal from commerce with his educated compatriots, as distrusting their moral courage, was, let it be hoped, because of his misunderstanding them. Several meetings have, as was to be expected, been held in honor of his memory, which abundantly claims to be kept alive by some substantial endowment bearing his name.

—The death of Pandit Iswarachandra was preceded, by an interval of only three days, by that of his fellow-townsman, Rajendralal Mitra, a person who attained, outside of India, a much greater celebrity, yet one which he will eventually be found to have little deserved. His character, as drawn by those who were most intimate with him, by no means commands respect. In what he accomplished in book-making and the like, as in his literary career, traces of want of conscience are too often discoverable. As to the immense amount of work, ranging from good to exceedingly bad, for which he has the credit, by far the greater part of it was executed by others; and his assistants were seldom of the best. The traits of the jackdaw of natural history and fable are at once associated with the thought of him. In his numerous editions of Sanskrit texts, and in his translations and what not, there is little that is trustworthy, or that possesses other than slight value; his acquaintance with the ancient language of India having been that of a mere sciolist. In fact, the whole compass of his information was superficial in the extreme, while his pretentiousness knew no limits. His confusion of the Ten Commandments and the Twelve Tables will suggest what he was capable of. Prof. Max Müller has, however, seen fit to name him side by side with Niebuhr, and has also spoken of him as a Brahmin, whereas he belonged to the humblest of the Hindu castes; the Sudra, or servile. According to his own account of his origin, he was of descent no less than regal; a claim which nothing could surpass for preposterousness. In short, he was of a piece throughout, and, equally as regards scholarship and personally, was such that, the more narrowly he is scrutinized, the more unfavorable will be the estimate of him which facts will necessitate.

—Those who are versed in ecclesiastical lore tell us that, from and including St. John, who was *Bishop* of Ephesus, there have been but five instances of bishops whose episcopate has reached the length of fifty years. Such being the case, there is good reason to hope that the New World may add one more jubilee in the history of the Christian Church. On the 24th of August the Right Reverend William Piercy Austin, Bishop of Guiana and Primate of the West Indies, entered upon the fiftieth year of his Episcopate in Guiana, and on that day he received from the Archbishop of Canterbury the short but expressive telegram: "*Felicitates*, CANTUAR." Should Bishop Austin attain the completion of his jubilee, the event is to be heartily celebrated on the 24th of August, 1892, at Georgetown, British Guiana, where the Bishops of the West Indian Province of the Anglican Church will at that time assemble. A cathedral is now being built in Georgetown, and it is hoped that it will be completed in time to be used for the services at the jubilee. Bishop Austin proposes to invite some of the bishops of the American branch of the Anglican Communion to join in the rejoicings next year at Georgetown. To some of his American brethren the Bishop is known from his presence at the Pan-Anglican synods which have been held in England of late years, where he was conspicuous by his tall, stately form and handsome face. Although himself born in England (November 7, 1807), Dr. Austin is a member of an old West Indian family, which has for generations been settled in Barbados and Guiana.

—In a recent number of *Black and White*, the new London weekly illustrated journal, Justin McCarthy says he has lately been reading 'Sam Slick,' and has found in it the slang phrase "real jam" as genuine slang from New

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England, although he had thought it was a bit of London slang. "In fact," says the genial Historian of our Own Times, "I know that in an English novel published about twelve years ago by an author who knew America, some ridicule is poured out on an Englishwoman who fancied 'real jam' was American and not Cockney slang." The original record of many a term in use on this side of the Atlantic will be found in Judge Haliburton's entertaining pages. Even Topsy's famous expression, in chapter xx. of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' "'*spect I grow'd*," was anticipated by the Judge, for, in chapter xii. of the 'Clockmaker,' the girl who asked the minister whether he wanted "a young lady to do chamber business and breed worms" (housework and rearing silk worms), used the same language. Asked by the minister where she was brought up, "Why," says she, "I guess I warn't brought up at all. I grow'd up." Mrs. Stowe's book appeared in 1852, Judge Haliburton's was published by Bentley in London, in 1838, but the first twenty chapters of it had appeared two or three years before in Joseph Howe's newspaper, the *Nova Scotian*. Haliburton was recognized by Artemus Ward as the pioneer of the American literary humorists. Some half-dozen of his humorous works are advertised daily by the old-established London firm of Hurst & Blackett. His political writings are frequently quoted by writers upon questions affecting the government of the British Colonies. Nevertheless, it has not been the "Old Judge's" lot to be included either in the series of English Men of Letters or in the like series of American.

—It was but in March last that we noticed Mr. G. Kruell's surpassing wood-portrait of Lincoln, and now we have before us a Webster from the same cunning hand, on an even larger scale (12x10⅛), and in point of technique—what we should not have thought possible—perhaps even more to be admired. The tone of this engraving is brighter than that of the Lincoln, yet there is a sober gravity in the countenance which fully expresses the weight of the lawyer and statesman. The view is a front one; the mouth firmly closed, the eyes shaded in their cavernous recesses. We cannot yet say—

"from those great eyes
The soul has fled,"

but the age depicted cannot be far from Webster's end. The modelling of the face is extraordinarily minute, divining and interpreting the features of the original daguerreotype; but the treatment is equally broad, harmonious, unified, and in no other one of the series of Kruell's portraits is the brushlike and plastic quality of his art more manifest. We said deliberately of the Lincoln that it was destined to be the historic likeness of the President, for never had that homely face been treated before with so much sympathy and poetry, and at the same time so authentically. The Webster is not less calculated to cast all previous prints in the shade. To the legal profession, apt to cherish the portraits of its great luminaries, it must commend itself at sight. Connoisseurs of engraving, on their part, will esteem it among the highest productions of the present or any other period. The Webster is published by F. Keppel, 20 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

BURGESS'S POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law. By John W. Burgess. 2 vols. Ginn & Co. 1891.

It is not easy to condense the succinct although somewhat involved statement of the theory of the State which constitutes the principal feature of this treatise, but we shall attempt to give the substance of this theory. It consists in the main in the establishment and application of distinctions between the nation, the State, and the government. A population of an ethnic unity, inhabiting a territory of a geographic unity, is a nation. By geographic unity is meant a territory separated from other territories by physical barriers to communication. By ethnic unity is meant "a population having a common language and literature, a common tradition and history, a common custom, and a common consciousness of rights and wrongs," and especially a common speech. Common descent and sameness of race are not qualities necessary to national existence. Where these unities coincide, "the nation is almost sure to organize itself politically—to become a State." But not every nation becomes a State, and the author infers from history that many nations will never become States, but must always be subject to nations of greater capacity for political organization. He goes so far, indeed, as to declare that the national State has hitherto been created only by Teutonic political genius—a fact which "stamps the Teutonic nations as the political nations *par excellence*, and authorizes them, in the economy of the world, to assume the leadership in the establishment and administration of States." Before this authority all ordinary morality yields. "The Teutonic nations can never regard the exercise of political power as a right of man." It is not only their right to subdue other nations, but their duty also. They must force organization upon "unpolitical populations" by any means which they deem necessary to accomplish this result, and if the unpolitical population resists, it may be righteously swept off the face of the earth. It is "weak sentimentality" to feel any scruple about this policy, for it is the plain mandate of Providence to his "peculiar people."

To return to Prof. Burgess's distinctions: "From the standpoint of the idea, the State is mankind viewed as an organized unit. From the standpoint of the concept, it is a particular portion of mankind viewed as an organized unit," and this is the definition required for the purposes of this treatise. The State is all-comprehensive and exclusive; there can be no stateless person within its limits, nor can there be two organizations of the State for the same population and within the same territory. It is also permanent and it is sovereign—a point to which we shall presently return. Some writers have maintained that the State was founded by God, others that it was constituted by human agreement, but Prof. Burgess's view, which reconciles all others, is that it is the product of history. This means that it is the gradual and continuous development of human society towards a perfect and universal organization of mankind; the gradual realization, in legal institutions, of the universal principles of human nature, and the gradual subordination of the individual side of that nature to the universal side. The State, therefore, has a consciousness of its own, and this consciousness is the interpreter of the order of life for its subjects. "The so-called laws of God, of nature, of reason," are therefore for the subject what the State declares them to be. There may be a world-consciousness, but as it lacks organization, it must in the present stage of evolution be treated as non-existent. The ultimate end of the State is the perfection of humanity; its proximate ends are government and liberty. The State has often been confounded with the Government, but it exists separately in idea, and in the process of evolution it tends to a separate existence in reality. Properly, the organization of the State is outside of and supreme over the Government, and this is best illustrated in our own State. Back of our Government lies the Constitution, and back of the Constitution lies the original sovereign State, which ordains the constitution both of Government and of liberty.

Liberty, therefore, is derived from and created by the State alone. Individuals have it not nor ever can have it except as the gift of the State. There are no natural rights. If there were, the individual would be above the State, whereas the State is itself the highest entity, and represents in itself the highest good. The State may, and should, protect the liberties of its subjects which it has created against the Government which it creates, but its power over the liberties of its subjects is absolute, and in the exercise of this power it can do no wrong. It is true that Prof. Burgess sometimes says that the State should exercise its powers with justice, but these expressions are evidently incautious, for they would imply that the State could do wrong and that justice was a higher good than the State itself, which he explicitly denies. It follows at once from these propositions that the prerogatives assigned above to Teutonic States belong properly to all States. Provided it conformed to "geographical unity," there was nothing immoral in the partition of Poland, and there would be nothing immoral to-day in the partition of Switzerland by the neighboring States, even if every Swiss was slaughtered in the process.

It is easy to see that whatever Prof. Burgess supposes himself to be maintaining, he is really preaching a doctrine of pure force, for by his terms he has elevated the State above the sphere of morality. The State must decide for itself what constitutes its proper geographic unity, and the voice neither of Prof. Burgess nor of any other human being, nor even of any other State, shall be heard to protest. The State wills it, and the State can do no wrong. Man, "who battles for the True, the Just," is wrong, and Nature is right—Nature, who,

"——red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed."

To Prof. Burgess an "unpolitical population" is as pestilent an abomination as the uncircumcised Canaanites of old were to the Hebrew prophets. Are not their lands goodly lands, lands flowing with milk and honey, and shall we not smite them hip and thigh, and occupy their great and goodly cities, which we builded not, and eat of their vineyards and olive trees, which we planted not? The warcry of the modern State is not "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," it is true, but it conquers in the name of its "world-duty," which is practically the same thing. It makes no difference whether it is proposed to extinguish the worship of Baal, or to attain "ethnical homogeneity," the uncivilized occupants of lands which we covet have no rights, "either public or private, which a civilized State, pursuing its great world-mission, is under any obligations, legal or moral, to respect." "There can be no dominion over territory or property in land apart from State organization," and it is ridiculous for a State to go through the form of contract and sale in taking possession of the abodes of the politically unorganized.

It seems strange to find the political morality of Omar and Pizarro advocated in a book which has been extensively advertised as marking the latest and highest development of political science. This extraordinary result seems

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in part due to an imperfect acquaintance with the history of philosophy. Prof. Burgess has apparently become confused by the Hegelian language employed by the German writers on political science, whom he has too exclusively studied. He has mistaken a figure of speech for a concrete reality. The word "state" is an abstract term, denoting the existence of a number of men in relations to one another, but the State is a higher entity than man only in the sense that any abstraction is higher than the concrete. It may be convenient to speak of a meeting, or a party, or a city, or a State as having a consciousness. We speak of a common consciousness wherever two or three are gathered together for any purpose; but it is clear that in such locutions we are speaking metaphorically. Prof. Burgess's metaphysic is really that of the mediæval realists who held to the existence of *universalia ante rem*, and he, like them, exalts the creations of men above their creators. Without reopening a somewhat obsolete controversy, it is enough to say that consciousness, as we know it, belongs to sentient beings of a visible and tangible nature. We know no more of a state-consciousness than we do of a state-brain or a state-stomach. We will not deny that consciousness may be a quality of atoms, or, as has been thought by some astronomers, of planets—that it may be possessed by constitutions and be an attribute of general ideas; but it is entirely clear that we can never know this, even though we be conceived as elements of such a consciousness. The molecules that constitute a man may have every one its consciousness, but between their consciousness and ours an impassable gulf is fixed, and so it must be with us if we form part of another consciousness. Common sense has never questioned the maxim, "Corporations have no souls," nor will it ever admit that any figment of the human imagination, any concept of the human understanding, or any idea of the human reason, can be conscious in the sense that a human being is conscious.

This view of consciousness renders Prof. Burgess's theory of the State untenable. If what we speak of as State action is the action of human beings and not that of a "higher entity," it is to be measured by the standards applicable to the action of human beings. If an act is wrong when it is done by one man, it does not follow that it will be not wrong if done by two men, or by a mob, or by a great number of men united in a State. The theory breaks down most completely in face of the difficulty felt by Rousseau, when, as Mr. A. L. Lowell says in his masterly essay on the theory of the social compact, he wished to give the majority the power of legislation while keeping up the fiction that each person obeys only himself. Prof. Burgess attempts to escape this difficulty by his fiction that the action of the majority is the action of a higher entity than the human beings of which it is composed, but, as he defines the State as human beings organized, he is compelled to explain what takes place when these human beings differ as to the purpose of their organization. The State, he says, may expel by force, or "deport," an "ethnically hostile" part of its population. But what would become of the State if this part of the population should resist successfully? Shall mortals, like Jacob, wrestle with higher entities? or can a "State" be "deported"? or does the State, as some lawyers have supposed of the fee in lands in certain cases, take refuge *in nubibus* until recalled by the proper conjuncture? Is it not on the whole better when we mean, and can only mean, that certain men struggle with others, to say so, and not confuse ourselves by speaking of conflicts between men composed of flesh and blood on one side and a metaphysical entity on the other?

But it is in his discussion of sovereignty that we find Prof. Burgess's philosophical equipment most inadequate. Strangely enough, although his view is a rather unhappy compound of those of Hobbes and Austin, he mentions neither of these writers, and we might add that he nowhere alludes to most of the great names in this department of thought, whose work, if understood, would have saved him many errors. Sovereignty, according to him, must be absolute, because limited sovereignty is a *contradictio in adjecto*. He establishes this doctrine by an unconscious application of Anselm's argument. Prof. Burgess has a necessary idea of the perfect sovereignty of the State, and, as existence is necessary to perfection, therefore the perfectly sovereign State exists. But not everything necessarily is which we think ought to be, and, as a matter of fact, unlimited sovereignty does not exist in any State. No human being can altogether control the feelings and thoughts of another, nor can any organization of human beings do so. It is only a comparatively few of the overt acts of men that the State can prohibit. It has, to a certain extent, the power to put to death those who disobey, and is so far sovereign, but it is impracticable to exercise this power beyond the limits of the customary morality of its subjects. There are many things that the most despotic sovereign cannot do and dares not attempt. Whether this involves a *contradictio in adjecto* or not seems to have made no difference with history. If, as Prof. Burgess rather pathetically observes, "really the State cannot be conceived without sovereignty, *i. e.*, without unlimited power over its subjects," we can only say that then it will have to get along without being conceived at all, for without such sovereignty it certainly does exist.

Practically, of course, Prof. Burgess abandons this absurd doctrine. "The modern national popular State is the most perfectly and undisputedly sovereign organization of the State which the world has yet attained."—"The more completely and really sovereign the State is," etc.—are statements showing that there are degrees in the absolute. And it would be erroneous to suppose that this apparent "Hobbism" involves any recommendation of despotic maxims of government. On the contrary, Prof. Burgess lays great stress on the part played by the State in defending the liberties of the subject against the encroachments of Government. The greater part of the book consists of descriptions of the governments of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany, and here much valuable matter is to be found. Yet, so far as the observations are original, they are of interest chiefly to those who accept the author's political philosophy. As we are unable to admit that men are absolutely without rights and liberties, except in so far as they have been granted by the State, it would not be profitable to consider at length Prof. Burgess's analysis of relations that in our view have no existence.

MORE NOVELS.

News from Nowhere, or, An Epoch of Rest. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

My Lady Nicotine, and *A Window in Thrums.* By J. M. Barrie. Cassell Publishing Company.

Iermola, and *The Jew.* By Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski. Translated from the Polish by Mrs. M. Carey and Linda da Kowalewska. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Fantasy. By Matilde Serao. Translated by Henry Harland (Sydney Luska). John W. Lovell Co.

Ten Tales. By François Coppée. Translated by Walter Learned. Harper & Brothers.

The Canadians of Old. By Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by C. G. D. Roberts. D. Appleton & Co.

Of all the seers who have woven visions of the future into a tale, Mr. Morris is the most original, while, from the political economist's point of view, he is doubtless the most insane. Poets, however, are free to disregard economics, and as, before the inhabitants of the British Islands shall have reached that delightful condition described in 'News from Nowhere,' all political economists will have been long dead, their theories exploded, their books dust, it makes no difference what they may think about a Utopian romance. Mr. Morris's contribution to the literature of communism is conceived in the form of contrast between England of the nineteenth century nearing its close and England of the twenty-first. The prophets of a coming Socialist's paradise always find it essential to paint the present in the darkest colors. England of to-day, according to Mr. Morris, is rotten to the core, quite gone to the dogs. An evil spirit dominates the land, destructive of all that is good and beautiful, creative of endless misery—to wit, the spirit of commercialism. The only religion is worship of a hideous abstraction called the "world's market." The favored priests of the faith are few, relentless tyrants of millions whom they force to work stupidly, mechanically, making things for the consumption of their god—things chiefly which everybody could very well do without.

This presentation of the eternal labor question is exceedingly picturesque, and there is a polished ferocity about the indictment of the rich yet vulgar, which makes it most enjoyable reading for the cultivated though poor. Life is change. When things are bad as bad can be, they must take a turn for the better. Out of exasperation and despair comes war, and, through war, annihilation of privilege and politics and machinery and commerce. Then, by processes ingeniously described, is born a new England, a free, noble, idyllic commune, in which years pile up joys and where human life is not the one hideous mistake of nature. 'Nowhere' is certainly a much more attractive commune than is Mr. Bellamy's Boston of the future, for, though matters of common interest are regulated by the common voice, each individual is permitted the luxury of having business of his own and minding it. Individuality is, moreover, cultivated and elevated by freedom to choose one's work and to do it without haste or pressure; if it be the making of things, the habit is to make one useful and beautiful thing well, not fifty useless and ugly things badly. Mr. Morris omits to mention what would happen if any one should show an irresistible propensity for making articles of smooth, clear glass or fine porcelain, but takes it for granted that such depravity of taste is impossible. His persistent advocacy of his decorative whims is somewhat puerile and ludicrous, but, on the whole, his commune is so healthy, so happy, so beautiful,

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that persons of sense ought to be willing to have it come about right away, accepting the wearing of embroidered rags and the use of rough pottery and bubbly glass without a murmur, regarding them as essential to the perpetual "peace and rest, and cleanness and smiling good will."

Doctors differ. The race will never know the delights of 'Nowhere' if it progresses along the path indicated in Mr. Tourgée's 'Christian Socialist.' This very thick book is a fine specimen of what may be called the crazy-quilt novel, made up of a thousand scraps, inharmonious and very gaudy. It is, however, a very popular kind of novel, with its sensational plot and extravagant, stagey people, its jumble of ethics, politics, and economics, and its constant exhortations, direct or indirect, to observance of the Golden Rule. If any definite notion of the scheme of living devised by the Rev. Murvale Eastman and his loquacious Christian Socialists may be gathered from their fluent dulness, it is, that rest and beauty and simplicity are things to be abhorred. Fortunately, the book ends while talk is still in full flow, before any Socialist has found time really to begin the reformation. The greatest achievement (and that is only projected), is to spoil a park in order to build a family club-house, whereby the shopping of young mothers too poor to employ nurses shall be much facilitated, which building is to be made "plain, you know—just brick and iron; for service, not for ornament." The great achievement of Mr. Morris's regenerate Englishmen is the conversion into a park of the whole island, now largely, "very plain, you know; just brick and mortar." As for divorcing service and ornament, let him who thinks that desirable, look through 'News from Nowhere' for descriptions of English architecture, of the homes of the people, their markets, bridges, and meeting-houses; then, if he change not his opinion, he should be condemned to abide for ever opposite the brick and iron club-house—not opposite the side whence issue the young impecunious mothers on business or on pleasure bent.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, who has made himself known to the British public through the monthly magazines and more sober reviews, is introduced in America by two volumes, 'My Lady Nicotine' and 'A Window in Thrums.' In the former, Mr. Barrie sings tobacco, with incidental sketches of people who smoke it and people who won't permit it to be smoked. It is a book of premeditated humor, in which the premeditation is fairly well concealed. Still, no man who believes himself to be funny, or who is regarded in that light, should risk his reputation by publishing a collection of scintillations. A Book of Fun is sadder reading than a 'Book of Gems,' or a 'Book of Thoughts, by a Young Lady.' This general reflection is not meant for the particular disparagement of 'My Lady Nicotine,' in which the fun is of a quiet, incisive kind, and unusually well sustained.

'A Window in Thrums,' read close upon 'My Lady Nicotine,' shows that Mr. Barrie is a man of some versatility, which nowadays is almost as rare a quality in an author as in an actor. These reminiscences of a very old man are grouped about a lame woman who, for twenty years or more, sat at a window looking down the brae towards the town with the dismal name of Thrums. The daily life of the decent poor is pretty much the same all the world over, always commonplace, frequently dismal. It is no more interesting in fiction than in reality, unless the people who are obliged to put up with it have some inborn strength, or grace, or purity that can't be destroyed by hard conditions. Such people Mr. Barrie has chosen to tell about very simply and plainly, as befits his subject. To appreciate the story fully, one must have some acquaintance with English as it is spoken from Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's House, though enough is told in the uncorrupted tongue to give an idea of the fine spirit inhabiting Jess Hendry's poor body, and of the great love with which she inspired family and neighbors.

Similar sweetness and courage animate the Volhynian peasant Iermola, the central figure of a Polish novel to which he gives the name. The story begins when Iermola is already an old man, at the moment when he resolves to adopt a baby left at his hut in the forest. The efforts of Iermola to live up to that baby are both amusing and pathetic as well as very real; but the means employed, many years afterwards, to separate him from the baby, grown almost to manhood, savor of a very ancient kind of fiction which never was rooted in life. The author's faculty of invention is much inferior to his observation and sympathy, which leads us to suppose that the story really is what it seems to be, a study of actual life in a very queer and primitive community. The admirable characterization of the sordid, grasping Jew, Szmula, in a very funny chapter wherein is narrated the purchase of a goat to supply nourishment for the baby, excites curiosity about another novel by the same author, entitled 'The Jew.' Here are depicted, very carefully and cleverly, several Jews who may perhaps be regarded as modern types of the chosen people. The action is dramatic, carried on mostly in Warsaw, but, as in 'Iermola,' the invention is feeble and construction faulty; therefore we care much more about what the people think than about what they do. Our prejudice against the Jew is so deep and irrational as to impregnate our literature. With a very few notable exceptions, our novelists make use of him only to misrepresent or openly caricature; the translation of a novel in which he is treated not as Hebrew but as human is therefore a work worth doing. Yet, after reading it, the reflection of the good American will doubtless be that the good Polish Jews don't emigrate.

The translations of foreign fiction, which increase in number and variety every year, are generally more interesting than the average novels written originally in the English tongue. One reason of this obvious superiority is, that an author almost always has made a reputation in his own language before his work is considered worth translating, but a weightier reason is that in the literature which deals directly with life, the Anglo-Saxon, more than any other, is conventional and unimpassioned; therefore, weak, dry, ineffective. It would be impossible for the English lady novelist to write such a book as 'Fantasy,' by Matilde Serao. An English woman might know a Lucia Altimare thoroughly, might depict her perfectly up to the crisis of her career; but just at this point she would certainly succumb to tradition. She would arrange for a Lucia a tearful parting from her lover, and sanctimonious retirement to the hearth she has come so near to desecrating, or she would kill Lucia, or represent her as doing anything, everything, except what a Lucia always does when she gets the chance—bolt with the husband of a dearest friend, leaving behind wild, ejaculatory epistles for *her* husband and *his* wife. Madame Serao does not deal in half-measures. She knows her Lucia, and gives the reader the full benefit of her knowledge. The presentation of a nervous, excitable, sensual woman, whose real character is scarcely suspected by her nearest friends, and who, with occasional spasms of scathing frankness, lives in a state of blissful self-deception, is exceedingly clever and surpassingly cold. There is not a shred of Lucia's mystery left when Madame Serao is done with her; we see her perfectly in naked deformity. She is not a pleasant person to dwell upon, and since the other characters are subservient, the book, with all its cleverness, is unpleasant. There is, however, much grasp, power, knowledge in it; no weakness or irrelevant trifling, and a sort of scornful indifference to literary convention that extends even to form and style. Mr. Edmund Gosse's introduction will save the curious the trouble of looking up Madame Serao in an encyclopædia.

He who makes acquaintance with François Coppée through the volume of tales translated by Mr. Learned will be puzzled to account for the author's fame. Here again is an introduction thoughtfully provided by Mr. Brander Matthews, a competent authority on *contes en vers* and *contes en prose*. At least half of these ten specimens of Coppée's work belong neither to that kind of fiction which we describe as tales, nor to a yet lighter form, known as sketches; they are purely examples of *contes en prose*, and, with all deference to Mr. Matthews, no more bear translation than does that untranslatable phrase. In French, such work is made worthy by the language; in English, it seems trivial, insignificant, quite beneath the force and vigor of the language.

By translating the French romance, 'The Canadians of Old,' Mr. Roberts introduces the only French Canadian fiction which is worth the trouble of putting into English. Written forty years ago by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, then an old man, it is, from every point of view, the best Canadian novel, which, after all, is not such very high praise. The story has no particular merit, though it has some dramatic situations and is fairly well put together; but the book has a distinct value, expressed by the translator when he says that it preserves in lasting form the characteristic customs of early French Canadians, and, by its faithful depiction of their sentiment, throws a strong light on the motives and aspirations of the race.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

Hand book of Cyclonic Storms in the Bay of Bengal. For the Use of Sailors. By John Eliot, M.A., Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India. Calcutta.

SOME forty years ago, the discoveries of Redfield, Reid, and others regarding the rotary movement of the wind in hurricanes gave good reason to hope that the dangers of the seas might be greatly lessened by adopting a rational system of navigation in stormy weather. In earlier years, the navigator who was overtaken by a violent storm had no rules to guide him out of it; he knew next to nothing of its probable size, its circulation, or its course. He outlived its fury if he could, but too often his vessel was dismasted, driven ashore, or lost in the open sea. But, in the thirties and forties, the confusion of the winds was reduced to order; it was then found that the hurricanes of the tropical seas truly possess a systematic rotary movement of their winds, always from right to left in this hemisphere, and the other way south of the equator; and that these whirling storms as a whole moved at tolerably regular and moderate velocities along fairly well-defined tracks—facts now familiar to every schoolboy who studies his atlas of physi-

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cal geography. The immediate result of all this was the formulation of simple rules by which the central fury of the storm could generally be avoided. The landsman might be somewhat confused by the orders to heave to on the starboard tack in one case and on the port tack in another; but this was the proper nautical way of telling the sailor how to get out of the storm, and it was not necessary that he should know anything of the reason for the rules. The basis of the whole scheme was that, as the winds were thought to blow in truly circular courses around the centre of the storm, the direction of the centre must be at a right angle to, or eight points from, the course of the wind.

The simplicity of the "eight-point rule" so strongly recommended it for popular use that the practical men of the sea gave little heed to the suspicions of several theoretical meteorologists who questioned the truly circular course of the storm-winds. But in 1861, Meldrum of Mauritius, in the track of the cyclones of the southern Indian Ocean, brought attention to the insufficiency of the rule by showing that it had led several vessels into danger if not into destruction, and that the winds really followed incurving spiral paths, and not a circular whirl around the centre of low pressure. His arguments were well grounded, but navigators have been slow to accept them. For example, it was not until about four years ago that our Hydrographic Office in Washington changed the diagram on Monthly Pilot Charts of the North Atlantic from the eight-point scheme, and brought it into accordance with the facts stated by Meldrum and his followers in later years; and among the more conservative naval officers there are, perhaps, even now some who doubt the error of the old rule. There are various sources to which such sceptics might be referred for conversion, such as Toynbee's charts of the North Atlantic during a great hurricane in August, 1873; the daily charts of the same ocean issued by the English Meteorological Council for the year of the international polar expeditions, and the subsequent continuation of the same series by the German and Danish Governments; or the various memoirs on cyclones published by the Indian meteorological service. But a more practical work, bearing largely on this very subject, is the 'Hand-book' whose title we give above.

It is in every way a worthy successor to Piddington's old 'Horn-book of Storms.' Piddington was a practical sailor rather than a scientific investigator; but, in the early years of the cyclonic theory, he entered into the question with great activity and success, and, as a result, made a thoroughly practical book, the abstract of many elaborate memoirs, and one to which the student may to this day refer for a fund of information. But this 'Horn-book' was published some forty years ago. Since then meteorology has become a systematic science. Where Piddington had to advance slowly and at great pains, collecting his records from shipmasters and from volunteers on shore, there is now a well-organized meteorological service; a daily weather map of the peninsula of India and the Bay of Bengal is issued, from which the tyro may learn at a glance what must have cost the early student months of labor; and most accurate memoirs on the meteorology of India, its winds, rainfall, and storms. The general product of all this labor has been excellently summarized by Blanford in his 'Climates and Weather of India,' already reviewed in these columns, and now we have a statement of all that has been found out about the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal, reduced to a volume of moderate size, and prepared most artfully and successfully for the use of sailors. It is not for ignorant sailors—there is little hope of writing any book from which they might profit—but it is well adapted for the intelligent officers of ships and steamers who are intrusted with vessels to cross those dangerous Indian seas. It contains, first, a chapter on meteorological phrases and principles, explaining the necessity of technical terms, which the sailor, who talks in his own technical language, must at once admit. A second chapter considers the phenomena of cyclonic storms in the Bay of Bengal, particularly with reference to their use as storm indications or prognostics. Then follows an account of six typical cyclones in the Bay since 1864, *i.e.*, during the recent period of careful, systematic observation, and prompt collection, discussion, and publication of the records. A fourth chapter is a brief summary of practical hints to sailors. The author is thoroughly qualified for his task. Like his predecessor, H. F. Blanford, he is a scientific meteorologist of high ability; there is no crude or rash theorizing in his work. He is informed on the principles of physics as well as on the proper exposure of thermometers and setting of wind-vanes; he is evidently well read in the literature of his science. His writing is thoroughly mature. A popular book from such an author is worth a dozen compilations by omnivorous readers and facile penmen.

There is some very wholesome reading in the first chapter, under the paragraph that shows the sun to be the source of energy by which atmospheric motions are maintained. It is first explained that air, like a railway train or a man-of-war, cannot put itself in motion, but must be started and kept going by the expenditure of energy upon it. The larger the mass of air, or the faster the motion, the greater the work to be done upon it. A large engine is needed to make a 6,000-ton steam man-of-war run at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; and yet a large cyclone in the Bay of Bengal, involving a mass of air a hundred miles in diameter and a mile high, moving at a rate of forty or more miles an hour, weighs as much as half a million 6,000-ton men-of-war. It is evidently a mistake to assign an inadequate cause for so vast a result as this. Some suggest electricity; but physical experiment shows that the amount of electricity set free in a violent thunder-storm is but a trifle compared to that needed to drive a cyclone. The attraction of the moon is appealed to by some; but this is only the one-hundred-and-fortieth part of that of the sun; its tide-producing power is, to be sure, greater, but this is not available in storm-making. The heat from the moon, even if it sent out all that it gets from the sun, would warm us only 1-300,000 as much as the sun does; that is, if in a given time the sun could melt four miles of ice on the earth's surface, the moon could not melt more than an inch. It must be, indeed, a prejudiced reader who can fail to follow Eliot in ascribing winds and storms ultimately to the heat of the sun.

On a later page, there is a simple consideration of the conversion of solar energy from one application to another during the condensation of vapor in storms. After illustrating this important process, and quoting examples of the remarkable rainfalls or deluges that accompany cyclones in India, the author concludes as follows: First, the energy given up during condensation of vapor is communicated directly to the air in which the process takes place; practically, the whole of it is utilized in producing changes in the motion of the air. Second, the process is continuous day and night while the cyclone lasts, and not intermittent, like sunshine. Third, it is, in cyclones with the heavy rains usual in such storms, a much more intense process than ordinary sunshine; it may be equal to twenty or fifty or even a hundred times the energy of sunshine in the same time and place. Fourth, the latent heat that was slowly stored up over a large area during the evaporation of the vapor, is liberated in the relatively small area of the cyclone. It is for these reasons that the latent heat of vapor has come to be regarded as of primary importance in keeping cyclones at work; and for this reason cyclones may be said to depend on "stored energy"—like the man-of-war again, whose engines are driven by the stored energy of coal.

Finally, we may briefly refer to Eliot's results as to the inclination of the storm wind—that is, its departure from a circular into a spiral path. His statements are perfectly definite that the old eight-point rule cannot be trusted, unless for a small distance close to the centre of the storm, where there is little hope of using it, and it is not surely correct even there. He concludes that, as a rule, the wind turns in two or three points from the circular path, and sometimes even four points, and yet that its irregularities are such that no simple constant rule can be given. He recalls Piddington's statement that "absolute rules are all nonsense." The incurvature of the wind is the important point of the book, and we recommend it to the most careful consideration of our shipmasters. Although the 'Hand-book' is prepared chiefly for use in the Bay of Bengal, it is of value to us in the Atlantic as well, for the hurricanes of the West Indies closely resemble the storms of the East.

The Right Hand: Left-Handedness. By Sir Daniel Wilson. Macmillan & Co. 1891. 8vo, pp. 215.

FROM the preface we learn that the purpose of this book is to trace left-handedness to its true source, incidentally to expose the folly of trying to suppress an innate faculty of exceptional aptitude, and to set forth the advantages to be derived by all from a systematic cultivation of dexterity in both hands. This indicates the standpoint of the author. Discussing the subject in its archæological, philological, and physiological bearings, he traces a preferential use of one hand or the other back to the times of the stone implements. He concludes that the right hand is given the preference naturally and instinctively by some; that in a smaller number the left is favored by an equally strong impulse; but that in the great majority right-handedness is largely the result of education. After considering the psychophysical features and carefully weighing the different theories of causes, he finally advances his own decision that left-handedness is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain. As a whole, the work is a model of scholarly research; the style is such as will please all who are interested in the matter, and there is little to rouse the antagonism of those of diverse opinions; but it cannot be admitted that the volume precludes further discussion.

Before the question is settled we must have deeper investigation of the anthropoids and lower animals, and, still more important, extensive series of observations on young children about the time the preference is first manifested. It is with the earliest attempts at use that the left-handed habit becomes fixed, and by its exercise determines the greater de-

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velopment of the right hemisphere in the individual. Greater development of this hemisphere follows from the greater use of the left hand, as surely as greater development of the muscles, vessels, nerves, and bones of the left side of the body. Exceptional development of a right hemisphere is a consequence of left-handedness, and may not be the cause of it, even in the particular case cited by Mr. Wilson in support of his conclusion. To strengthen his position he will have to change his claim to hereditary or congenital preponderance of the right hemisphere. But, however stated, it is unlikely that a single cause will account for all cases, as our author apparently would have us believe. Observations made while teaching gymnastics lead to the conclusion that, in some at least, left-handedness had its inception in pure imitation. If an instructor faces his class and works right-handedly, pupils become confused, and movements made by his right are imitated with the left. But if the teacher works left-handedly, the difficulty is obviated and the pupils readily follow working right-handedly. Similarly with the child: he faces his trainer, has his attention fixed upon movements of the right hand, and imitates or meets them with his opposed hand, his left. Very little exercise at his age serves to fix the habit of preferring the left, and greater development of the right hemisphere and of the left side of the body follows as a matter of course. Ordinarily correction is easy; its difficulty is increased by habit and by the persistence or stubbornness of particular infants.

No doubt the ambidextrous, in which the sides of brain and body are equally developed, is the happiest condition; but it is an open question whether an organ less developed than another is any more liable to disease. If adapted to the demands upon it, whatever its development, there is no reason why it should be less healthy. It is the organ which deteriorates from a needless development that is prey to the ills. Hence it is that excessive physical culture, athletics, in early life are not so conducive to longevity as development better adapted to the ordinary and continued demands on the system. In the right-handed it is the left hemisphere that tends to a greater development; in the left-handed it is the opposite side of the brain. The differences in mind and disposition attending such a difference in brain ought to be determined before deciding that it is folly to attempt suppression of left-handedness, especially in view of the widespread belief in the mental and moral crookedness of a left-handed man.

The volume is disfigured by a fifty-five-page advertising catalogue. Is it not time for an energetic protest against a practice that defaces the books and litters up the shelves with so much matter of no future value?

The Woman's Club: A Practical Guide and Hand-book. By Olive Thorne Miller. United States Book Company.

THIS little book contains some practical suggestions for the formation and management of clubs, which will prove valuable to many intelligent women who have not yet been trained to understand the exigencies of corporate action. It also gives some advice concerning the more elementary rules of conduct, such, for instance, as the observance of order and of good temper, which cannot be too carefully acted upon by all who wish to share in or contribute to the benefits of club organization. There can be no doubt in the mind of any thoughtful person of the value of the work that is, on the whole, being done by the somewhat protean associations grouped under the generic name of the "Woman's Club." The history of its growth and development here given is stimulating and encouraging in itself, as well as interesting as a study of the signs of the times.

There is, however, one objection to this otherwise acceptable little manual which cannot be overlooked. The writer lets her enthusiasm, from time to time, overleap the bounds of common sense and lead her into the pitfalls of cant. This is especially and regrettably the case in the three or four earlier chapters. The harm that is done by exaggerated pretensions cannot be too strongly urged upon the promoters of movements for educational or other advantages for the female sex. Women themselves whose position and influence would make them invaluable allies, are too often repelled by the bad taste of aggressive claims. Those who champion the cause of women ought certainly to see that they do not put even small unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the way of its success.

Phantasieen und Märchen. Von Isolde Kurz Stuttgart: Gö.chen. Pp. 164.

ABOUT two years ago the hosts of commonplace poets who hover round the base and haunt the lower slopes of the German Parnassus were startled by the sudden appearance of a stately daughter of the Muses on one of the higher peaks. How she reached that eminence unobserved by their ever watchful and envious eyes was a mystery. That the much-abused reading public is quick to appreciate and eager to welcome genuine poetic talent whenever and wherever it may appear, is clearly shown by the fact that the first edition of the poems of Isolde Kurz was soon exhausted and a second edition, containing sixteen additional pieces, was presently brought out. The volume bears the stamp of originality on every page, from the dedicatory verses which serve as proem, to the aphorisms and epigrams with which it ends.

Miss Kurz has also essayed short stories—a volume of 'Florentiner Novellen,' four in number, of which the scenes are laid in Florence during the turbulent but picturesque period extending from the beginning of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century. If we were to attempt to classify these works of fiction, we should have to call them historical novels; at the same time they are truly artistic creations, and present, both in style and construction, the greatest possible contrast to the voluminous "historical romances"—the undigested contents of countless scrap-books—with which modern German literature is so heavily weighted. A second volume, called 'Phantasieen und Märchen,' opens with a vision entitled "Hashish," as vivid and realistic as anything in De Quincey's 'Confessions,' and evidently a record of personal experience with *cannabis indica.* The writer's description of her sudden release from all the conditions and limitations of human existence, and her excursion through illimitable space up to the region of pure abstraction, where metaphysical systems dwell cheek by jowl with mathematical formulas, and all earthly dissonances, pessimism, and *Weltschmerz* blend to full accord in the music of the spheres, is admirably done. The remaining five pieces are original fairy tales, and show an exceedingly happy faculty of invention. "Der geborgte Heiligenschein" is the story of an old hermit, whose sole possession was a large and luminous nimbus, but who was, unfortunately, led by his unbounded benevolence to lend this treasure to a poor devil in order to save him from the gallows. As might be expected, his property was never returned, but passed by sale from hand to hand, serving as an ornament to many a villanous head, and creating that sort of moral confusion in the public mind that would be caused by hearing a Tammany politician opening a primary with prayer, or seeing a saintly halo encircling the crown of a campaign worker while engaged in purchasing votes "in blocks of five." In the present case the general derangement of ethical values produced by having such a nimbus thrown on the market and thereby made venal was not confined to this world, but extended to the future life and disturbed the balance of accounts in the books of the recording angels. In "König Filz" we make the acquaintance of any quantity of queer people—King Screw himself, condemned to permanent tearlessness on account of the hardness of his heart; the physician in ordinary, Dr. Horseradish, whose most persistent efforts fail to bring a drop of moisture to the royal eyes; the charming Princess Maja and her lover, and above all old Mother Week and her seven sons, the well-dressed and much-revered Sunday, the lazy and dissipated Blue Monday, and their five sturdy and laboricus brothers. But of all these phantasies, the most original in conception and finest in execution is the "Sternenmärchen." The celebrated Orientalist and Biblicist Heinrich von Ewald used to expatiate on the serious detriment to Hebrew and German poetry arising from the fact that the sun in these languages is feminine. Here, however, this verbal accident is turned to good account; and in telling how the queen of the sky and her numerous sons and daughters, the planets, dwelt together in perfect harmony until the family union was broken up by the amorous advances of a brilliant but libertine comet, the authoress has caught and reproduced with remarkable skill the naïve tone of traditional folk-lore. That this is no easy task and is liable to lapse into mere extravagances and vapidities, has been demonstrated by scores of her countrymen who have made the attempt and lamentably failed. We strongly suspect that the fairy godmother who, in the fourth tale ("Die Goldenen Träume"), bestows upon the poor weaver's son the precious gift of golden dreams, stood sponsor for our poetess.

Labor and Life of the People. Vol. II. London Continued. Edited by Charles Booth. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

UPON the appearance of the first volume of the remarkable series projected by Mr. Booth, we gave unstinted praise both to his plan and its execution, saying that it would "mark an era in the conception and the treatment of the evil of poverty in London." This second volume confirms our conviction, and renews our admiration for the breadth and impartiality of the investigations recorded, and for the eminent fairness as well as great importance of the conclusions drawn from them. The book simply throws out of court a great deal of the current vague talk about the condition of the poor—especially of the very poor—in London, and must be consulted by all who would write or speak about the subjects touched upon without being ridiculous.

The same methods of relentless investigation which were followed in the first volume, in the case of East London, are here extended to South and Central London. The result is that Mr. Booth is now able to give us a survey of the entire city, which he does by districts, street by street, and, in several instances,

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block by block and house by house. One striking conclusion is that the poverty of East London, as compared with that of the rest of the city, has been exaggerated. "In 1888," writes Mr. Booth, "I made an estimate based on the facts as to East London, and the comparative density of population in other parts, on the theory that density would probably coincide with the degree of poverty. The result was to show a probable 25 per cent. of poor for all London, or nearly 6 per cent. less than we now get." He also assures us that if his statistics err on either side, they overstate rather than underestimate the amount of poverty, especially in view of the fact that times have been better since the inquiry was made.

No adequate idea of the range and value of the inquiries made by Mr. Booth and his collaborators can be given in our limited space. The book itself must be resorted to. We must specify, however, the chapters entitled "Sketch of Life in Buildings," by "A Lady Resident," "Influence on Character" (of living in tenements), by Octavia Hill, and "Homeless Men," by Margaret A. Tillard and the editor. The most suggestive observations and reflections are scattered all the way along, as, for example, the casual remark (p. 95) that "a great quantity of bread strewn about" in the streets is "the surest sign of extreme poverty all over London." Highly enlightening, too, are the several tabulations given of the results of searching investigation into groups of men—some of them selected groups, *i. e.*, guaranteed as worthy by charitable and religious organizations—applying for public alms. The percentage that could stand the process was terribly small. The volume leaves us with one unpleasant reflection: how inevitably must the sense of personal dignity and reserve suffer in people made the subject of inquiries like these. However kindly meant and however necessary, the intrusion upon the privacy of homes, squalid though they be, and families, even if wretched, must tend to repress those qualities of independence and spirit which it is of the highest importance for the victims of poverty to develop. Something of this is indicated in the book itself where it speaks of the evil of "the struggle of different sects over these poor souls. Those who are hunted up in their homes on a Sunday morning by the emissaries of five or six religious bodies are not likely to be spiritually impressed by any" (p. 300).

An appendix and maps are bound up under a separate cover. The first gives classifications of the population by School-Board Blocks and Divisions, by Registration Districts, and by percentage of poverty; also, a table showing the birthplaces of residents of London born in other parts of the kingdom. The maps give a graphic representation of London poverty by districts and by streets, one section for each quarter of the city. Varying color shows the varying percentage of poverty. The execution is very good.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Miss Josephine L. Outlines for the Study of Art. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Alexander, Mrs. Well Won. New York: John A. Taylor & Co. 30 cents.
Allen, W. B. John Brownlow's Folks. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Amaryllis. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Archer, William. Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Vols. 4 and 5. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Baily, Rev. T. L. An Entire Stranger. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Bakody, Prof. T. Scientific Medicine in its Relation to Homœopathy. Philadelphia: Boericke & Tafel. 50 cents.
Black, H. C. A Dictionary of Law. St. Paul, Minn.: West Publishing Co.
Bolton, Mrs. S. K. Famous English Statesmen. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Booth, Charles. Labor and Life of the People. Vol. II. London Continued. Maps and Appendix under separate cover. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $8.40.
Caine, Hall. The Little Manx Nation. John W. Lovell Co.
Cobban, J. M. The Horned Cat. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Crawford, F. Marion. The Witch of Prague. Macmillan & Co. $1.
Dods, Rev. Marcus. The Gospel of St. John. Vol. I. [The Expositor's Bible.] A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Dole, N. H. A Score of Famous Composers. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Doyle, A. Conan. The White Company. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Dunton, L. The Young Folks' Library. Vol. 8. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cents.
Dyer, Oliver. General Andrew Jackson. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Eaton, Rev. A. W. The Church of England in Nova Scotia and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.
Ellis, Edward S. Through Forest and Fire. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Ford, Paul Leicester. Orderly Book of the "Maryland Loyalist Regiment." Brooklyn: Historical Printing Club. $2.
Grigorovitch, Dimitry. The Cruel City. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Habberton, John. Out at Twinnett's. New York: John A. Taylor & Co. 50 cents.
Hake, T. St. E. Within Sound of the Weir. Cassell Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Hale, Rev. E. E. Four and Five. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.
Hedge, Rev. F. H. Sermons. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Heimburg, W. Elsie. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Jameson, Prof. J. F. The History of Historical Writing in America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Jones, H. A. Saints and Sinners. Macmillan & Co. 75 cents.
Kinmont, Alexander. The Natural History of Man. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Lowry, Rev. J. O'B. Truth-Gleams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.
Marryat, Florence. There is no Death. John W. Lovell Co. 50 cents.
Wenzel, John. Comparative View of the Governments of the United States, France, England, and Germany. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 20 cents.
Whitby, Miss Beatrice. On the Lake of Lucerne, and Other Stories. D. Appleton & Co.
Wiggin, Kate D. The Birds' Christmas Carol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.
Wilson, Daniel. Left-Handedness. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
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